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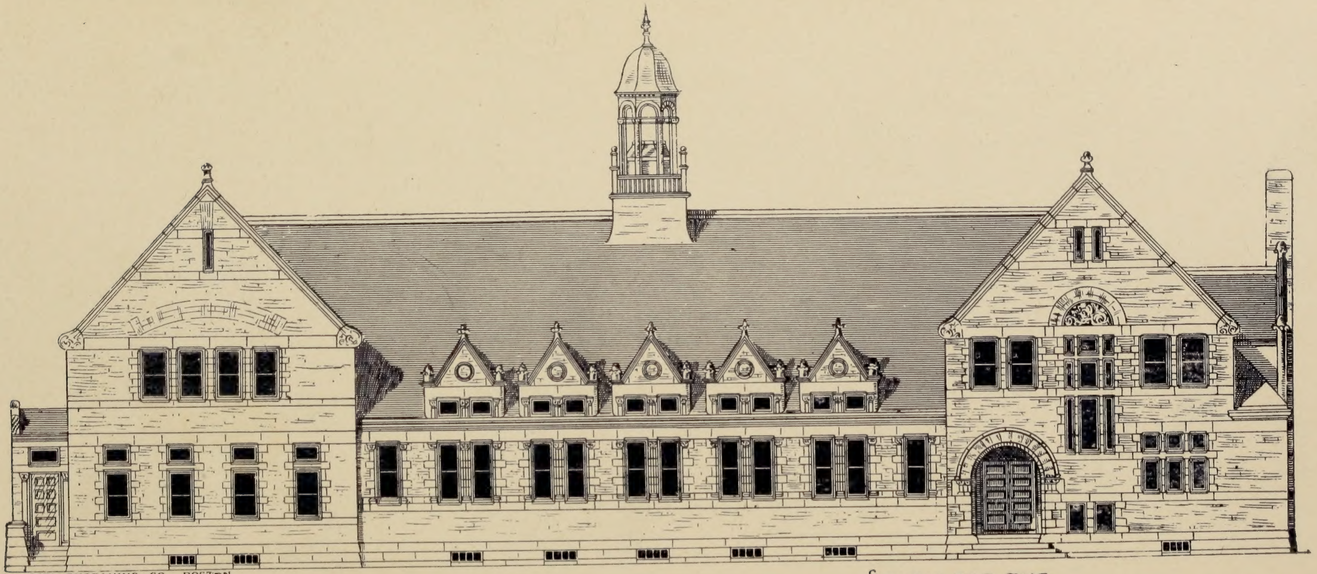

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FALL TERM
1890

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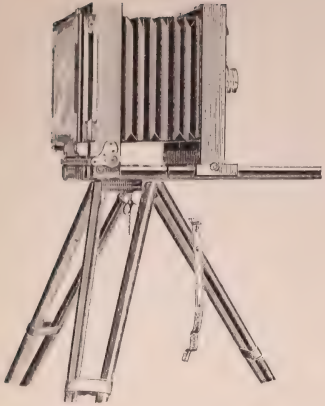

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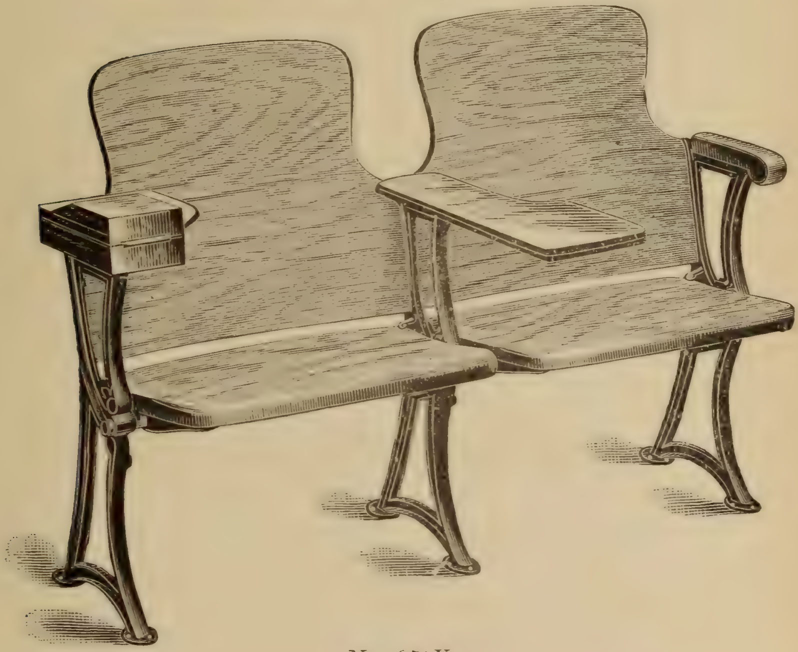

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VOL. XXXVIII. *NO. 1.*

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THE

PHILO MIRROR

DECEMBER 1890.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

ANDOVER:
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF
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Editors.

JAMES B. NEALE,

JOSEPH A. POWELL,

ROBERT WILKINSON.

THE MIRROR.

VOL. XXXVIII. DECEMBER, 1890. NO. I.

An Autumn Revery.

First Prize Poem.

Last June, —
The time since then has flown swiftly by,
And taken with it all but memory;
For memory still holds fresh that afternoon
I walked along the river's sunlit banks,
And watched the crystal water's ripling flow, —
Down through the meadow, underneath the bridge,
And then away, I knew not where nor whither.
The gentle breeze that fanned my careless brow
Did barely stir the reeds upon the bank;
And yet it brought me from the distant woods
The evening song of birds in homeward flight.
The whispering pines, the rustle of green leaves,—
These too, amid the murmur of the breeze,
Being wafted to my ears, made me forget
The time, the place, and even life itself.
Ah me! how all is changed! The flowers that decked
The river's bank are faded now and gone;

The rippling waters have become, alas,
A swirling stream, upon its surface black
Outlines of dark gray clouds that float above.
It seems but yesterday I saw those clouds,
With silver linings tipped, afloat upon
The summer breeze, and seeking how to hide
The sun just sinking in its ruddy light.
The whispering breeze is gone, and in its stead
A chilling wind brings wandering flakes of snow,
That falling on the tide are borne away.
Yes, borne away, e'en as the moments sweet
Of that June afternoon were borne away
On the swift current of life's silent stream.
Alas, I knew not, as they hurried by,
That they were taking with them pleasure's self —
For with those moments passed away the joy —
The careless, thoughtless joy of childhood's hour,
Its golden promises and happy hopes,
And fleeting visions borne on fancy's wings ; —
All these have fled, and in their place I see
Life in its hard, its stern reality. A. B.

A Tale of Boston Harbor.

First Prize Story.

PART I.

It was twilight on Boston Harbor. The threatening wind-clouds streamed from the sun as it set. Boston lay enwreathed in smoke, from which the state-house dome brightly gleamed. Homeward was the watch-word; and amid the shrieking of whistles and the ringing of bells, at the boom of the sunset gun, all vessels were taking their way into Boston harbor. Here and there some great ship, unheeding, glided away defiantly waving its signal of smoke, till in the expanse it lost itself. Far out, against the horizon, the single sail of a cat-boat caught the last rays of the sun, and blushed at being out so late. Two men sat within; one, with his hand on the tiller, was evidently a follower of the sea, as was plainly seen by the piercing glance of his eyes from beneath his shaggy, overhanging brows, now toward the peak of the sail, now toward the blackening east. His nasal twang and his guesses about the weather clearly bespoke him a New Englander. In marked contrast the other, with folded arms and leaning back against the gunwale of the boat, talked slowly and earnestly with the broad accents of an Englishman.

"Is that the land of freedom, and that the cradle of liberty that lies there with smoke over it?" he said bitterly. "No, there is no freedom there," he continued, "none, none!"

The helmsman looked at him astonished, and said, "Wal, that's what they says, and it haint done nobody no harm so fur 's I can see. This ere weather be gettin' wuss and wuss, and I guess 'twould 'bin better not to ha' started, but since I told you I'd fetch you across, guess we can risk it."

"We must go, for I must find work or starve!" the Englishman quickly added.

"Mr., what did you say your name was?" the other continued.

"Watson."

"Yes, Watson, that's it; wal, d' you say you'd starve if you couldn't get across?"

The Englishman was silent for several moments, with his eyes fixed upon the deck, while the other looked him over from head to foot.

"It 's all over with me, if I do not find work soon. Your ferry will take my last shilling. This week I have been from place to place seeking employment. They told me that I must become a member of the labor union before they could employ me, and when I sought admittance I was told that I would have to wait until I had been in the country six months. What I am to do in the meantime no one knows."

"Wal now, that's too bad. Did you say you'd been lookin' for work?" said the sailor with a real touch of sympathy, as he thought of his own hard times.

"Look? I have looked everywhere. There was one young man who said he might do something for me, but he had no time to talk to me. This is a hard place! Is liberty but for the few?" And the poor man buried his face in his hands.

The helmsman took a reef in the sail. The clouds were gathering fast, and the wind blew cold from the east. The water ruffled its surface so as not to reflect the ugly sky. The gulls, screaming, skimmed the foaming waves. The little craft, beating against the wind, leaped and struggled with the opposing billows. As Watson gazed into the clouds they seemed to him to break and vanish. There was a man, happy in his home, his wife sat beside him sewing, and the little boy on his knee looked confidently into his father's face. Yes, there was the babe in its little crib. The fire burned brightly on the hearth, the lowing of the cattle came from the shed, while about the door the chickens were impatient for their evening meal. How real it all was! Then came the knock at the door; the landlord entered, and with few words told them they would have to leave by next week, as the land had been sold. Then his wife's tears, the boy's inquiries as to what it all meant, the kiss and words of encouragement. He would find work! Next week came. The officer with papers in hand turned them out. London! Yes, there in London, cold, cold London, he with his little family strove in the flood of humanity to hold up their heads. There in an upper room, such a room! he sat with his family. Poverty with its merciless grindstones ever moving and grinding the poor to make meal for the rich, was fast pulling him into its trough. The babe lay dying. Broken-hearted and fierce the man rushed forth into the street. Darkness was everywhere. Even the distant street-lamps were lost in it, glimmering, as it were, only to show more plainly the depth of the gloom. Past the corner stores, with their red eyes and polluted breath, he hurried on, turning corner after corner, till the streets became broader, the street-lamps more frequent, the hum of people and the noise of vehicles louder; he was on a main street. Pausing an instant before the office of a great line of steamers, he rushed in like a man in despair that has made up his mind. He was once more in the garret. His wife was on her knees by the bed.

"Lucy, Lucy!" he was crying. "How is the child?"

She lifted it up to its father. Still the faint whisper of mystery was there. The night of watching; the dawning of the day; his wife's look of joy when he told her he was going to the land of liberty, where all had plenty. Their plans; their bright hopes; all passed before him. The ship was leaving the wharf. There, there on the end of the pier, stood his little Lucy weeping, and as the wharf grew more and more indistinct, her sobs grew louder and louder; was she beside him weeping, or was it only the sigh of the boistrous wind?

"It's too late to put back now, but we ain't making no great headway 'gainst this here wind," the boatman remarked, as he braced himself, holding fast the helm. The waves were dashing over the prow, angrily foaming as they tossed the craft here and there, as if to mock its vain attempts to advance. "Lucy," came from the Englishman's lips, as he brushed the tears from his cheeks with his rough hand. The wind howled more loudly, drying his tears as it snatched the word from his lips. The clouds grew blacker and the sea whiter. The storm was upon them. Suddenly the white sail flapped, the boat trembled, and boatman and Watson were in the waves. Away floated the boat, wrecked, without man to guide. The soul of the craft was gone.

PART II.

The wharves were crowded; boys running to and fro cried the morning papers. Here an Italian had fruit for sale, and there a vigilant young tradesman cried, "Collar buttons, vive cents a dozen." "This way to the boat for the sham battle," cried a man in an extremely beseeching manner, as with his hand he beckoned the crowd.

Amid this confusion, a finely dressed young fellow was hastening with a friend to the end of the pier, where a private tug was awaiting the party of which he was a member. Soon the pier was left, and they were on their way to witness the manoeuvres of the white fleet. The harbor was a beautiful sight, alive with vessels of all sizes and kinds. The ferry-boats kept steadily to their work, great steamers went unheeding on their way, while pleasure seekers in tugs and yachts, together with despatch boats and a vessel containing members of the Grand Army of the Republic, took their way after the stately men-of-war. Now slowly the war ships moved in single file, now by twos, and again abreast like dragons sleeping on the waves. The party merrily witnessed this with the blue sky overhead, and not a ripple on the mirroring water. All was serene, beautiful. The forts were passed, which like warders clothed in the uniform and armed with the weapons of the past, stood guard at the harbor's entrance. Passing into the open sea, Minot's Ledge light-house appeared standing there as a lonely outpost.

The men-of-war now moved more quickly, and gliding quietly, took the lead of all, then suddenly rousing from their sleep, they snorted and roared, while great clouds of smoke surrounded them, and their nostrils shot forth fire and shell, which striking in the water beyond splashed up the foam. O man! verily thou art greater than dragon or genii, and thy works are the works of gods! While thus the fleet clad in its white cloud of smoke was speaking in the accents of war, the torpedo boat Cushing was circuiting among the various types of craft, displaying her speed. With prow thrown into the air and the waves rolling off on either hand, she cut through the water, Neptune's modern chariot drawn by the horses of man's genius, and pushed on by the winged nymphs. The manoeuvres were finished, and with a farewell shot the men-of-war put out to sea, and when their gleaming sides became lost amid the white clouds on the horizon, all pleasure seekers turned their way back to Boston Harbor. All on board the little tug were happy and laughing. Lunch had been served, and the young man and his friend were smoking in the bow of the boat. Suddenly he cried, "There's a man in the water!"

"I guess it's only a dummy," the other replied.

But as they swept by, they saw only too plainly that it was really a body. The tug stopped and put about. One of the sailors stood in the bow with a rope. As they approached, the young man leaned over and looked into the water. There floating with face down, was the body of a man, and as the sailor turned it over, the young man started.

"My God! That's the man that was in my office last week asking for work. Poor fellow. I told him I did not have time to see him. Why? Simply because I wanted to go to the matinee and would not wait. Had I but spoken to him, I might have saved him from this."

There was a bell-buoy near. To this they made the body fast, so that it would not float away before the police patrol could come for it. As they left the buoy there came from the bell a doleful note as if some spirit rang it out, for the water was as calm as a lake. Once more it resounded, low, pitiful. Was this his funeral knell? The waves had tenderly closed his eyes and rocked him on their bosom to sleep. There in the water floated the wreck with no helmsman to guide. Life, the spirit of God, was gone.

A VOICE FROM THE WAVES.

The Pluggers.

Second Prize Story.

How comfortable the bar-room at the Butcher's Arms appeared, as I entered it after my long walk across the moors from Wakefield to the village of Brayton. To one who, like myself, had been caught in the rain, the bright fire proved a most welcome sight; and I felt rather envious of the half-dozen men who sat lazily around the huge fender, silently enjoying their mug of beer and smoking long clay pipes, as they gazed steadily into the depths of the fire roaring in the grate, just as though there were pictures placed amongst the blazing coals, which were visible to no one but themselves.

A stout, jovial looking young woman attended to the wants of the few who were present, drawing their mugs of beer in a rather listless way, as though her thoughts were engaged in something outside her work. At the sight of a stranger, however, she quickly changed her manner into one of bustling activity, and before many minutes had passed, a good hot supper was spread for me in a cosy little room, appropriately termed "The Snug," where for half an hour or more I vigorously attacked the chicken pie, roast beef, biscuit, and other appetizing viands placed before me, leaving untouched, however, the "mug of beer," which accompanied the English meal at all places which I had visited.

After supper I took my cup of coffee and a cigar, and securing a seat near the fire in the bar-room, I glanced leisurely around at its occupants. As is the custom amongst the English in the rural districts, these men had gathered to pass their evening at the tavern, and since there was nothing of political importance for them to debate on the evening in question, they sat lazily puffing the smoke from their long-stemmed pipes in curling wreaths toward the ceiling. or they were entertained every few minutes by a young man about twenty years of age who would sing a comic song, accompanying this at times with a dance, which greatly pleased his audience.

One old man sitting opposite to me particularly attracted my attention, for his face was wreathed by a smile of enjoyment as he sat puffing his pipe. and listening to the varied conversation, and he never seemed to notice anyone or anything particularly, except when the young man finished a song, at which times he would applaud loudly.

At nine o'clock a few of the company departed. and the remainder drew their chairs nearer the fire. For a few minutes all sat in drowsy silence, nothing being heard save the monotonous tick, tick, tick of the clock standing in the corner of the room, but at last the young man turned lazily in his chair. and said to the old man opposite to me: "George. what's the matter with yer makes yer so quiet to-night?"

"I've been thinking. lad. that it is just fifty years to-night since Jim Carrol ran away," replied the old man.

At the sound of the words "ran away" the chairs were drawn simultaneously nearer to the fire, and I found myself involuntarily drawing nearer to the old man.

"Tell us about it." said the young man eagerly, and the others echoed his words. Without any further urging the old man began to relate the following story:

"I was eight years old at the time it happened, and yet I remember the excitement it occasioned just as though it happened yesterday. You see it came about in this way: All the people about here were working for Brewster's, weaving woolen cloth, and almost all the work was done at that time by hand. The men and women did the work at their homes, and when the piece was woven it was taken to the mill, there to be washed, dyed, and finished for the market. Almost all the families in the village were thus supplied with work, and although the process was slow and tedious. yet the cloth which they turned out was of a very fine quality.

"But at this time, the power of steam had been shown, and steam-engines for the running of mill machinery, together with improved machinery of all kinds, were gradually finding their way into the market. These machines produced no small excitement among the poor laboring people all over the country, but particularly in Yorkshire and Lancashire. The poor workman, whose labor had brought barely sufficient wages to provide the roughest kind of food and shelter for his family, now expected that, if the new machinery were used, he would be pushed to the wall entirely. And how could he think otherwise? By his hard labor he could produce a cut of cloth in eighteen days, but the new machinery would produce it in one-third of that time; hence, being ignorant of the fact that more cloth would be sold, since the price would be lowered, he reasoned that he would be thrust into idleness and his wife and children be compelled to starve.

"The excitement in due time reached our village, and the men became much agitated, as they found out from two or three strangers who came surveying about the mill property, that the Brewsters were intending to remodel their mills and put in new machinery. These statements were soon proven true, for in the course of three or four months some of the old buildings were enlarged and others entirely replaced by new ones; then the new machinery, so much dreaded, began to arrive, and a large force of mechanics came to put them in position.

"Although it was known that the villagers had held two or three meetings to consider the situation, still everything seemed to be going smoothly, and no public demonstration was indulged in by the workmen of the village. Brewsters had kept the people regularly supplied with work at their homes, and now as their mills neared completion they began to congratulate themselves that their help were more sensible than those of other villages not far distant, where riot and disorder of every form had met any attempts to introduce the 'new-fangled notions,' as the people termed the new machinery.

"Early one morning there were brought into the village on large wagons, each of which were drawn by six horses, three of the largest and most curious things I had ever seen. They were monstrous tubes of iron, with any quantity of pipes and little things which the machinists called valves, attached, and everyone turned out to take a look at them.

"On asking my father what they were, I was informed that 'they were the boilers,' and I remember that he added, with a curious, far-away look, 'that he expected they would be the straw to break the camel's back.' I did not know what he meant by that, but I well remember that I had never seen the men of the village so excited as they were on the arrival of the boilers. A meeting was called immediately, and unlike other meetings which had taken place, it was not held in the village, but at the foot of Castle Hill, about a mile distant. Thither they repaired in small bands, and after a protracted meeting they returned quietly to the village. Apparently nothing had been determined upon, for the men went to work as usual next day, and for two or three weeks everything went on as smoothly as ever.

"At last one of the machinists announced that all was ready, the boilers and engine having been set in place, and on the following day he said 'the fires would be lighted for the first time.' How quickly that bit of news spread through the village! It fairly flew from house to house, and each man as he heard it stopped his work, and putting on his coat and hat, started for Castle Hill. It was almost six o'clock when the report was first started, so the meeting was not finished until late in the evening; in fact my brothers and I had been in bed some time when the men returned.

"I was awakened by loud talking in the street, and running to the window, I saw many men whom I knew passing to and fro waving torches in their hands. Hurriedly I dressed myself, and amidst the excitement I managed to get out of the house without being seen by my mother. When I reached the street the men had formed into one band, and were quickly marching down towards the mill. I followed, wondering what they were going to do, for I had never seen them appear so excited as they seemed beneath the light of their flickering torches.

"On arriving at the mill gate they burst it open and walked into the large yard, despite the feeble cries of the watchman, and walking across the yard they approached the door of the room in which the boilers had been placed. Here they were met by Mr. Brewster and some ten or twelve of the machinists, who vainly strove to pacify the angry mob. Mr. Brewster spoke to one or two of the men, and tried to make himself heard by the entire crowd, but this he was unable to do, for whilst he was speaking a heavy blow from a sledge hammer shattered one of the windows, and the men walked through unmolested into the boiler-room. Boy-like, I followed, and being frightened by the appearance of the men, I crouched in the farthest corner of the room, and watched them as they gathered in a circle before one of the boilers. A death-like stillness now prevailed, and the men looked perfectly awful under the smoky light of the torches. Phillip Sydney, a middle aged man, who was considered one of the wisest men in the village, stepped into the middle of the ring, and addressed his companions very briefly in a low voice, and concluded by saying, 'so now, mates, let us show them that these things shall not be allowed.'

"Instantly Jim Carrol and another man,whom I did not recognize, stepped forward, Jim bearing a sledge hammer and the other a blacksmith's chisel. They stood motionless before the boilers for a moment, then Jim raised his sledge slowly, and after swinging it gracefully around his head two or three times, he struck some of the taps or valves, as the machinists called them, and a round thing that projected a little from the boiler, in appearance something like a clock, sending them flying in all directions. His companions cheered as they saw this ; after which the man bearing the chisel stepped forward, and placed his chisel upon the head of one of the rivets, which was soon cut off with the assistance of Jim's heavy sledge. When three or four of the rivets had been thus broken off, large steel wedges or plugs were brought forward and driven into the loosened space, turning back the plate a good deal, and of course rendering the boiler useless.

"Jim's companions cheered again as he said jestingly, 'that fixes one of 'em,' and the cheers had hardly died away ere he stood before the second boiler, ready to continue his work of destruction. Again he raised his sledge, and whirling it swiftly above him, as though he were trying to show off his strength, he brought it down with a tremendous force on one of the small valves which broke off with a snap like a pistol-shot.

"At this moment an event took place for which none of the 'Pluggers' had looked. Mr. Brewster had seen the destruction of the first boiler from a distance, and had made up his mind to try once again to stop the mad career of the men. He therefore hurried forward, and was making his way through the outer circle of the men, when a piece of the valve, which Jim had just broken, whizzed through the air and struck him full on the forehead. With a deep groan he sank to the floor, while the 'Pluggers,' now thoroughly terrified at their own work, rushed pell-mell from the room, so that in a few minutes the mill yard, and even the streets themselves, were quite deserted.

"Meanwhile Jim, crazed with grief at what he had done, hurried to Mr. Brewster's side, and raising his head he looked at the wound which he had caused. He also tried to learn, as best he could, whether Mr. Brewster was alive or not, and in his excitement he came to the conclusion that he was dead. 'My God!' cried he, 'I have killed him! I have killed him!' And then he, too, rushed from the room, and all traces of him were lost.

"A few moments later the machinists bore the unconcious form of Mr. Brewster into the office, and there summoned medical assistance. Upon examination, it was found that he was still living, but a serious sickness followed the accident, and for many weeks his life was despaired of; but at last, thanks to his rugged constitution, he recovered entirely.

"A vigorous search was made for poor Jim, and some of those who had urged him on, now basely deserting him, offered a reward of fifty pounds to any one who would give information as to his whereabouts; but even this failed to bring any tidings of him. Mr. Brewster himself generously forgave Jim for the pain and suffering which he had so unintentionally caused, saying as he did so that he felt that he himself was to blame for what had happened, and he wondered that the men had kept patient as long as they had, seeing that he had never tried to explain to them how the new machinery would affect their work.

"Eight years passed away before Jim was heard from, and then a letter came to his sorrowing father and mother, who had long ago come to the conclusion that Jim must have committed suicide, saying that he was at work in a large iron foundry in Philadelphia. He had wandered from place to place in England until finally he reached Liverpool, and there had an opportunity given him to work his passage to America, which he gladly accepted. On arriving in New York he worked for some time there as sail-maker, but afterwards moved to Philadelphia, where he still resides, or at least he did according to the last news received from him."

The clock at this moment struck eleven, and the barmaid began to put out the lights; upon which the company, in a jolly mood, separated, and each one as he went from the room, stopped to thank "old George" for his story; for, as they said, "they liked to hear tales of the good old times."

A Memory of the Past.

Second Prize Poem.

ONCE, years ago, from the vain throng of fashion,
That whirls its course but as some idle sport,
In the fair, sweet August month I withdrew.
And withdrawing, sought some quieter realm,
It was then I saw her;
Bursting on my startled vision
Like some fair virgin form
From Cleopatra's courts descended down.
Like was she to Fashion's idle beauty,
That opens as the half-blown rose,
As some lowly, wearied flower
To the lily, pure and white.
When first I saw those clear eyes gaze in mine,
It seemed as though some Eastern houri,
Read of in my school-boy days,
Had floated back from the dim realms of childhood fancy.
And when I knew her better.
And learned her gentle, quiet way,
I felt that in that being there
Was embodied all my passion's ideal, long sought after.
The days pass by;
Like as when some ship through fog glides on,
And knows not whither it has come,
Nor whence it goes.
But one hour, more bright,
Stands forth from amidst that dazzling joy,
When, for the first time,

In one sweet flood of passion, I called her "Edith,"
And she, raising up those wondrous eyes,
Did'st look until she reached my very soul,
And reading there but love,
Did blush, and glance away.
  But cruel Fate, whom men call Destiny,
With hideous form appeared,
And beckoning, showed forth two ways,
The one of Duty, the other Love.
Long vigil through the night I kept,
And many things I pondered o'er,
But in the morning Duty triumphed,
And I went forth with holy resolution firm.
By that divine intuition of Love,
I felt myself within the halo of her presence,
And turning quickly to where yon yellow daisies grew,
Lo! behold she was there.
Perchance, upon my brow she read my thought,
Perchance, I whispered 'I must go.'
Turning, stooping low, she plucked a strip of clover white,
And rising, held it forth, with ne'er a word.
Passionately, from my cloak I drew an ornament,
A simple stone clasped tight in yellow gold;
And then, with accent low,
I laid 't within her robe's soft fold.
  What I murmured, ah would I could recall!
I but remember that I stood with tight-clasped hand,
Gazed upon that form as though to drink my soul full;
And then muttered one word, 'farewell.'
I moved away in dreamy doubt,
And dreading to look back,
Delayed until too late.
And then, looking back, beheld but empty space.

. . . .

  Years, with their smooth flow, glide on;
Age, with chill hand, leans heavily,
But yet a vision, fair as that of Launfal,
Gleams bright o'er the faded vista of youth.

But stay; the magic hour of night approaches!
See, from without yon casement gleams the harvest moon!
Ah, bright Dian, rolling up thy heavenly course,
What power to tell is thine?
Dost thou remember? Years ago I stood within thy light.
Dost thou recall that fair form by my side!
Ah tell me, for her what spun the Fates?
Is she waiting even now upon the Stygian shore?

. . . .

The night glides on.
From her eastern couch the sun is rising,
And I, an old man, with bowéd head and hoary locks,
Still muse upon the gone, gone past.

Neleh.

The Turning of a Life.

Third Prize Story.

THE great annual boat-race of 187–, of one of the New England Colleges, in which they were to row one of the 'Varsity crews for the first time, was about to begin.

The banks of the river were lined on either side by the students and friends of the two colleges, and at the finish the narrow line of onlookers swelled to a great crowd, anxious to see the last strokes of the contest.

The scene was a beautiful one. The river stretching away to the north until lost in the hills, its ripples flashing in the bright June sunlight; the dark rich foliage of the trees which filled the valley, and covered some of the loftiest hills, while to the south the river widening into the bay, where an occasional sail gleamed in the light. The two crowds were in perfect keeping with the surroundings, the tasteful costumes of the ladies, the gaily decorated tally-ho coaches, and the banners and colors of the colleges waving in the breeze, all combined to give the greatest possible inspiration to the contestants.

Cheer after cheer came from each side of the river, as the two crews pulled up to the start, which was made with little delay. At first the 'Varsity crew seemed to have the race. They gained a quick advantage at the opening, and by their powerful and regular strokes, held it steadily for the first half; but after that they seemed to work less evenly together; the third oar weakened, and the stroke oar was unable to give the additional strength needed, and the college crew gained steadily on them as they approached the finish. The regular cheers which were being given, broke into a prolonged yell as the college boat shot forward and cut the line, less than a length ahead of the 'Varsity shell.

The crowd surged down to the landing, and mounting the victors on their shoulders, bore them away in triumph.

Around one of the crew they seemed to gather with special enthusiasm. Perhaps it was because he was soon to leave college, and this was the last of his athletic triumphs there. But it was not alone this which led to such extravagant demonstrations. Ned Pierson had been one of the most popular men in college from the very day of his entry; not because he tried to be popular, but simply because of what he was. He had won more athletic victories than any man in college, was the stroke oar of his class crew, and his case of cups and medals won in gymnastics and field athletics, were the proof of unusual strength and skill. In scholarship he was also a leader, and was regarded as the strongest all-round man in his class.

Strange to say, with all his leadership he had few enemies; his quiet and unassuming, almost timid manner, his frank and straightforward manliness, and real consideration for others, gave him the very disposition to win the confidence of the average college man, and his influence among his fellows was almost phenomenal.

He had decided to study medicine. but his love of physical training had led him somewhat outside the usual course, and so he was going to a southern city to take charge of a gymnasium, and continue his medical studies there.

The change from New England scenery and associations to southern climate and social life was a pleasing novelty, and so the months flew by almost unnoticed, and brought the hot southern summer. His gymnasium work would be suspended for the heated term, and so Ned decided to join a vacation party which was going to the Rocky Mountains and Yellowstone Park for a month. He could abandon his medical books for a little while, and have time to consider some other things which had been upon his mind much of late.

His work among the young men of the Athletic Association had led him into much of character study, and his personal interest in them gave him a growing sense of his responsibiliiy in shaping some of those lives. Especially was this true of a little inner circle of the fellows who would frequently stray into Piersons suite of rooms and talk over their future plans.

They were a fine lot of young men, all good athletes, and possessing many advantages of wealth, culture, and good family. Their frequent talks together brought them into a very close friendship for one another, and especially for Pierson, whom they regarded so highly. As for Ned he was deeply interested in each of them, and that interest widened his sympathies more and more, while its reflex influence led him to study much as to how he could best use his own life.

These were some of the thoughts which filled his mind as he joined the vacation party for the month's outing. Many of his friends were in the party, and he looked forward with keen anticipation to the month of out-door life in the mountain air and surroundings ; nor was he disappointed in this.

The days passed all too quickly, crowded as they were with tennis and other games, sight-seeing and climbing parties, and in the evenings social groups gathered on the broad veranda of the mountain hotels.

On a number of days, Pierson had accompanied Miss Lillian Henderson in the exploring parties, and he found himself doing so with increasing frequency. She was the sister of his most intimate friend, Lawrence Henderson, and he had met her occasionally in their city home, but had been little acquainted with her until now. Their friendship grew rapidly, for there was much in the character and appearance of Lilian Henderson to attract a man with the disposition and ideas of Ned Pierson.

She was highly educated and accomplished, having had all the advantages which wealth could bring, and the Henderson mansion was made doubly attractive by her literary and musical talents. But her studies had not been alone selfish or local, and as she had read much about the social life of the eastern world, and began to realize something of the utter wretchedness and helplessness of thousands of her sisters there, her womanly heart was touched, and she began to ask what might be done for them. She had hardly come to think of them as her sisters yet; but one evening the mail brought a letter bearing the post-mark of India, and opening it she found a long letter from a school-girl friend who had gone there some six months before. It told of the millions of women there in wretchedness almost equal to slavery, and who could only be reached and uplifted by their sisters from the western world.

Lilian glanced around at her own luxurious and happy home, and then went up into the room where her little sister was sleeping quietly, with a smile flitting over her face, caused by some happy dream. She looked long and tenderly at her, and thought of how much it would mean to leave her and all the home. Then she thought again of those darkened millions who scarcely knew the possibility of a happy home like this, and could only come to know it through the work of such as she. Her heart was lifted with an intense earnestness of prayer, and quietly the decision was made. They *were* her sisters, and she would go to them.

She could not go for a year or two yet, and the home and friends were all the more dear to her in the intervening time; perhaps it was this which gave her an air of quiet determination which Ned had noticed, though she was none the less bright and attractive in the social circle.

Two weeks had already been spent by the party in Yellowstone Park, and quite as long in the mountains of Colorado, and they would soon turn homeward again.

It would not do to leave without visiting Pike's Peak, and so it was decided to make the ascent on the following day. Before daybreak they found their mountain burros waiting for them, and the ascent was begun.

Pierson and Miss Henderson led the party, which by sunrise was already above the lower clouds, and looking down could see the sun flashing through an occasional rift, and lighting up the valley below. On they toiled, the road dwindling away into a path, and growing, steeper at every step. As the altitude increased the wind grew keener, and the way almost dangerous, as one height after another rose before them, each steeper and more frowning than the last. But their spirits only rose with the difficulties, and clinging, slipping, but still mounting, the last and most difficult stretch is passed, and they are upon the summit, with the exultation of the first moment of victory, which was well worth all the difficulty and danger of the ascent. And then the view! To the northwest the green hollow of South Park could be seen; from south to west the Snowy Range seemed one continuous line of white, with the purple clouds rising and falling below it. Eastward the Arkansas wound like a serpent across the prairie land, while below lay Colorado Springs, its well-laid streets and avenues looking like a giant's checker-board. By the aid of a field-glass, Denver could be seen eighty miles to the north.

That night, as the party gathered on the piazza of the hotel to discuss the experiences of the day, Ned and Miss Henderson strayed into the parlor. They talked of his work and studies, and as he spoke of his indecision regarding his future, he learned for the first time of her own plans. As he listened to the facts which had caused her decision, and learned of the great need of medical men there, it came almost as a revelation to him. He had never before stopped to consider the responsibility which he bore toward a people in whom, like most men, he had not the slightest interest. But it grew upon him from that hour, and all during the autumn and winter months which followed he pursued his medical studies with extraordinary care, while still directing his athletic work.

One day in the latter part of January a light snow fell, which was rather unusual for the southern climate, and in the evening Pierson went out for a tramp through it. It brought back many recollections of days in New England, as he walked along kicking the snow from his walking-boots, and brought again to his mind the question of his life-work, which he determined should be settled that night. He thought of the possibilities of a life spent in India, and then thought of all it would involve — the leaving of his hosts of warm friends, the giving up of the exceptionally bright future which lay before him, and the things he might accomplish if he would but remain.

Everything about him seemed more attractive than ever that night. The snow was a carpet of spotless white on the lawns, and covering the magnolia-trees and shrubbery, it glistened in the lights like a setting of diamonds, giving them a beauty unequalled by the most lavish decorations of art. The houses were covered with the white drapery, but here and there lights flashed from the windows, where the open blind revealed a glimpse of the bright and cheery home-life within.

For a moment all these things came before him in their most attractive form; but in another instant they seemed to fade away, and in their stead came the vision of a life of self-denial and toil, but nevertheless of great peace and joy, flashing light into many other lives. He did not hesitate longer. "Non sibi" had prevailed, and as his athletic engagement would be terminated by a public exhibition within a few weeks, he would then be free to go. The exhibition was to be given in the Revere Opera House, and, as it had been planned on a large scale, the busy preparations made the weeks pass quickly enough.

Lawrence Henderson soon learned of Ned's decision, and from him the others of the "inner circle" heard it. They gathered that night in Pierson's rooms and talked the entire matter over. "It simply means this, fellows," he said; "if life means anything at all, it means making the greatest possible use of it, and that is what I believe I am doing." His decision made a deep impression on all of the company. Two of them decided to follow him, if possible, within a year; and the lives of all of them were more or less changed by that of Pierson, because it is lives and hearts which move lives.

The night of the exhibition soon arrived, and the Revere was packed, from third gallery to pit. Lilian Henderson sat in one of the boxes, doubly interested in the scene because Lawrence was one of the leading athletes of the evening and Ned Pierson was, of course, directing the work. Her admiration for him had grown since their talks during the summer tour, and his manly bearing, intellectual attainments, and high aim and character were such as were worthy to win the love of a woman such as Lilian Henderson. She watched him carefully as he led the class-drills that night, and could understand why there was just a tinge of lack of enthusiasm in his work now, as he was at the turning-point of his life, and had come to be occupied with greater things than the athletics of which he had been so fond.

After the exhibition Lawrence invited Ned home, and Lilian presided over the table of light refreshments, while they talked over the events of the evening and of Ned's future work. He was to leave on the morrow to complete his preparation, and in a few months would sail for his field. Lilian was very happy that night. She would be with him within a year, or as soon as preparations could be completed, and in the meantime would be with the people and friends at home a little while longer.

And so the farewell was said, and frequent visits changed to frequent letters. The first told of the surroundings and life in the new and changed climate, and others of busy preparation for work. The mails were frequently irregular, and Lilian was not surprised when the usual letter was ten days overdue, though she felt a vague restlessness which she could not define. Upon arrival in India, Ned had found the demand for workers even greater than he had expected. The demands upon his time and strength were almost constant; but in his intense interest in his new work, and knowing his own unusual strength, he gave the matter little thought. Much of his work lay in the lower and unhealthy part of Bombay, and and before he was aware of it he had contracted a fever. His companions, whose regards he had won in his short stay, gave him every attention which love and skill could devise; but in spite of it all he sank rapidly, and in a few days the life itself was laid down as an offering toward the Christianizing of India.

Faithful unto death, his life had given forth a testimony which none could deny, which should sound in the ears and the hearts of men louder and sweeter than the sound of ease or wealth or fame — a testimony whose fruits will be known only

> "When we push ajar the gates of life,
> And all its beauty of within can see."

. . . .

What dreadful things telegrams are! How those little yellow envelopes, with their short, sharp messages, have brought sorrow to many a heart and home! Lilian Henderson sat in the study, busily engaged in finishing some literary work, when a message was handed her by a servant. Hastily closing the library door, she opened and read the cablegram, dated Bombay, October 16, 188–. For a moment it seemed that she would be crushed by it; but in an instant her trust, which had never failed, gave her a peace too marvellous to be understood by those who have never known it, and, with only a mist of tears in her upward glance, she said: "Now, Lord, I am thine alone." And the fragrance of that life was apparent wherever she went, and won many of the daughters of India to life and light.

G. H. McClellan.

1890

ΔΙ' ΕΜΟΥ ΕΥΤΥΧΙΑ.

Stand with me, reader, on this chill October night, within the quadrangle of one of the great New England Universities. The hour is not yet late. and from the many windows of the dormitories cheerful lights gleam forth. Occasionally the dim shadow of some solitary student is seen, flitting along from building to building, while now and then a group of young fellows saunters slowly up the well-kept paths. Let us join this small knot. Our companions enter one of the doorways upon the right, and ascending the dark stairways. pass beneath the heavy casement, and are within the rooms of a collegiate young gentleman of considerable social pretensions. Let the college man of some forty odd years ago, look with us into this same room to-night. He starts back in amazement. Handsome pictures adorn the walls, rugs are upon the floor ; a large sofa, on which in careless confusion lie several rich pillows, is at one side. By the windows, soft seats, with their luxurious furnishings, bespeak rest. while scattered about here and there hang college trophies and flags.

Before his bewildered mind there arises the vision of another room, with its bare table. its iron wash-basin, and its poorly made bed ; so. thoughtfully, he turns to leave us. Shall we follow his thoughts ? Does he condemn ? It depends upon his nature, and the manner Fortune has dealt with him.

But we digress. Half reclining upon the sofa within the room we so lately entered lies a young fellow of perhaps twenty odd years. Women might not call him handsome, but the student of human character would say that his close-set lips betokened resolution. His name. well — Arnold. Let us note him carefully as he thus gracefully leans back. He is perhaps a little above the average man of his same social position. There is a certain fixedness of purpose, and a latent power of talent that shows about him, while the general contour of his form, denotes the figure of an athlete of mediate prowess.

The conversation runs somewhat irregularly; upon the latest College news, upon the evening's entertainment, upon women. If Mademoiselle the danseuse did not perform well that night, she surely received her amount of criticism. So the time passes on 'till the clock strikes the quarter before twelve, and then with a muttered imprecation on the morrow's Latin, they start off to their own rooms.

Let us go out into the quadrangle again. The clock is just striking the midnight hour, and now but a few scattered lights shine forth. What have we seen you ask? Nothing but an evening in the life of a social college man. It is not our purpose to go into details. Surely, reader, you can fill out this Arnold's career through his Sophomore year. Portray in your mind the daily routine of recitation, the average evening given over to amusement, the occasional afternoon of college sports, and place here the annual ball, there the boat-race, and then those other bright-event days that stand forth as milestones on the year's course, and you have all the picture. So let us skip the intervening months, and pass on to the following July.

What double-leaded article thus fills a half column of the great New York Dailies, this warm summer morning! Oh, nothing but the same old story, the failure of the great business house of Arnold. A week or so later the Metropolitan pleasure seeker, at his summer resort, reads the second act of the same time-worn drama; old Arnold, the former wealthy merchant, had succumbed to an attack of prostration, brought on by the failure of his firm.

The gay world of fashion flies lightly on, and what trouble it cannot avoid, it endeavors to forget, so we must not blame its devotees if, after a somewhat cursory reflection on what Dick Arnold, the college student, intended to do now, it should try to dismiss from its mind all thought upon the young fellow. At this period that young man was passing through one of those struggles with himself which are not ordained to present themselves many times within a lifetime. He could not bear the thought of merely clerking, and taking his chance in the slow course of business. There was another opening; to go back to college, take a cheap room, and endeavor to work his way through by tutoring and prizes. As for the future, well, here were two years provided for, let that take care of itself.

There was a natural feeling of repugnance in a fellow of his character at returning to college, giving up all his old associates and ways, and living but the life of the University 'dig.' But he knew, of course, that he would be respected in the college, and anyway what difference did it make; his whole manner of life must now from necessity change, and there was nothing left but to reconcile himself to it as best he could. With what an inward sense of gratitude he blessed the talent and the ambition that forced him to maintain a scholarship which enabled him now thus to follow out his plans. The remainder of the summer was consumed in settling his father's affairs as well as he was able, and in disposing of a considerable number of his own effects, and storing the remainder.

* * * * *

Again it is an October night. Perchance, reader, we stood within this same quadrangle a year ago at this time. Again the dormitories are gleaming with their warm light. Let us enter, but not that stately building in front; rather this somewhat dilapidated looking row behind us to the left. We climb the old stairs and are again within a college man's room. But what a contrast! The room is tidily furnished, but with no attempt at anything beyond the necessary articles of ordinary comfort. And the characters themselves! Seated at a table is the same Arnold, busily engaged in correcting some manuscript lying before him. In his hand he holds a long black feather pen-holder, set with gold mountings, and firmly fixed in whose base is a gold stub pen. The whole thing seems so out of harmony with the surroundings that we look at it for a moment in half wonderment. Above Arnold's shoulders leans a young fellow in an attitude of attention. These two are tutor and pupil.

* * * * *

When a young fellow of some real character and resolution firmly makes up his mind to a thing, a certain result is sure to follow, and so it is no surprise to learn that Arnold had completed satisfactorily his Junior, and had begun the summer term of his last year. His face had taken a stronger cast than formerly. Throughout he was a changed man. He had determined upon his position in life, and with that determination, there came the old dogged resolution that had forced him on to the completion of his college course.

It was necessary to spend a couple of years after graduation in farther preparation, and to gain support during that time there lay open one course ; to secure a Fellowship. But never had he struggled so to write, as he now worked in the preparation of the necessary essay. Try as he would, he did not seem to be able to make any progress. Sheet after sheet of paper was filled and then in turn torn up and cast away. His mind seemed a vacant void upon that one subject. Hour after hour, his head buried in his hands, would he sit before his table, pondering, thinking, well knowing that no present thought of his would secure that coveted prize. But yet, at times, there seemed to come a dim feeling of a noble train of ideas sweeping over him. Eagerly he would snatch up his black feather pen, but no sooner was he ready to write than they were gone.

Once, thus, wearily he threw down his pen, and falling on the bed, broke into a flood of bitter tears. But time moves on. Nearer draws the date on which his essay is due, and as yet it was not even started.

There are periods when time seems literally to fly upon wings, and again it drags along as if one week would never pass into the next. But how rapidly the days went by now ! It was the last of spring. All nature was growing joyous. But to one candidate for a University Fellowship, all its beauty seemed to mock him. He moved back and forth over the quadrangle in deep meditation. Fellows passed him, and wondered what had come over Dick Arnold of late. Friday the 31st was the essay limit, and to-day is Wednesday the 29th.

All the afternoon Arnold has sat at his table. Supper-time came and went, yet he still sits there. He had seen the western sky redden with the rays of the sinking sun. The deepening shadows stole softly into the room, and then at length night itself fell. Mechanically he arose and closed the shutters and pulled down the curtains. On the table before him lay the black feather pen with its gold mountings. The hour is now growing late. Sadly he picks up the pen, and turns it over in his fingers. It is an old heirloom, that had long belonged in his family. When he was disposing of so many of his effects, it was one of the few things he could not part with. As he thus idly twists it about, his eye is suddenly caught by the apparent sign of a letter cut into the gold on the under side, close where the pen is inserted in its holder. A vague sense of something, he knows not what, urges him on. With his pen-wiper he rubs away some of the hardened ink. Yes, there is something cut there. He rubs a little harder, and now by the aid of his small magnifying glass he slowly makes out these words: *Δι᾽ ἐμοῦ εὐτυχία.* Somehow they sound familiar. He racks his brain. Ah yes! Were they not engraven on the stylus with which Sappho wrote her wonderful odes? Again he picks up the pen, but now he grasps it with a firm, unwonted touch.

Hark! from the college chapel the bell is tolling the midnight hour. As its last stroke dies away, Arnold feels himself yielding to sleep. In vain he struggles. It were as if some god were waving above him the Lethean bough. And now, as he dreams, wondrous thoughts seem to sweep in chaotic confusion over his weary brain. Then some power seems to gain the mastery, and they arrange themselves in order. He dreams his essay begun. It seems as though some very soul itself were speaking forth from those opening sentences. And the thought continues. On and on through a maze of reasoning and force it presses, never for a moment faltering or seeming in doubt. Ideas, nobler and purer than his strongest imagination had ever conceived, rise up and arrange themselves. At length the end draws near. The peroration is begun. Higher and higher with its course of eloquence and reasoning that power draws his mind until finally he seems to stand upon a pinacle, whose dazzling height not his fondest hour had ever dared to hope for. Then gradually his vision seemed to fall away. Idea after idea dissolved until all seemed to turn to one confused mass, from which only here and there a bright thought darted forth.

The warm sun of Thursday morning worked its way through the shutters, and fell lightly upon the form of a young man, his head outstretched upon the table. Soon the figure awakes itself. Dazed, weariedly it staggers to its feet, and moves across the room and throws open the blinds. Arnold begins to remember all now. But too late! To attempt to write before to-morrow, what he hardly recalls would be useless. Sadly thinking upon his ruined hope, he turns to his table. Here, scattered about in confusion, lie sheets of closely written paper. He does not understand it. By his inkstand is the black pen all besmeared with ink. Picking up a sheet, he sees it is written in his own hand. Wonderingly he begins to follow it. To his amazed mind, as he reads, the dream of the night before unfolds itself, but now *written,* a reality. The essay was finished.

There are at times productions, as to whose success even the author himself may feel no doubt. Reader, can you be surprised to learn that the Fellowship was awarded to him, whose black pen had served him so well?

The Power of the Poet.

President's Address.

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies."

CENTURIES ago in the classic land of Greece, there dwelt a tribe of ambitious, hardy men, who wished to overcome in battle all other states around them, and live as masters of their neighbors. To bring about their desires, they resorted to various harsh and rigorous measures calculated to make men of great physical vigor and strength, well drilled in military tactics, and inured by practice to any kind of hardship they might be called upon to undergo.

Amongst other things, they banished the higher arts of philosophy and rhetoric, claiming that these things proved a hinderance to one who wished to be a soldier or render any practical assistance to his country; for what good was that man to his country, they argued, whose life had been spent poring over dull parchments, striving to find out what his grandfather had done before him, and then extolling his praises in a few lines which, when repeated, sounded agreeably to the ear?

A few years after these laws had been put into effect, the dark clouds of war hung over the land, and they were so harassed by their enemies that they turned in terror to Delphi, there to seek aid from the gods, who advised them to ask the Athenians to give them a leader, for only under an Athenian general could they gain the victory.

Reluctantly they turned to Athens and secured a leader. But in choosing whom they should send, the Athenians did not forget to show their jealousy of this rival state; for see what a leader they sent! Yonder he goes, limping slowly along, and as he approaches the ranks he is recognized as Tyrtaeus the schoolmaster. What an insult! To think that he should be sent to lead well-disciplined troops! Victory could never be gained with such a leader. In order to satisfy the gods, however, he must be tried; so, with heavy heart, they make way for him and obey his few commands.

Quietly Tyrtaeus takes his place and begins his work, using methods entirely at variance with what they heretofore had tried. Instead of calling out the troops and practising them in military tactics from sunrise to sunset, he collected about him, at various times, little companies of men, women, and children, and recited or sang to them ballads which were replete with instances of heroism and patriotic devotion; and by means of this every soldier's heart was filled with a yearning desire to wipe out the stain of former defeat, and when, a few months later, they met the foe they proved invincible, and drove the enemy from the field. Thus the poet's power accomplished what manual labor and years of training had been unable to bring about.

All this happened centuries ago, and yet like instances are recorded in the history of every nation which has existed since that time, and nowhere have such striking examples of this power been shown in modern times as in our own country. Thirty years ago, when the slavery question was at its height in our land, every force which man could devise for arousing this patriotic feeling was brought into power. From the pulpit and press issued exhortations to patriotism. Orators whose hearts and minds were devoted to the cause of freedom were eagerly listened to. Captains of companies and generals of divisions gave their last instructions in telling words to the men under their command. But, strong as all these forces were, you can find many to-day who will tell you that they were far more impressed by the reading or singing of such songs as "Hail Columbia" or the "Star Spangled Banner"; and there are thousands of veterans who will tell you that their steps were firmer and their hearts lighter when the drum and fife played "John Brown," or that they fought more eagerly, on certain occasions, when amidst the din of the battle they heard the bands playing "Marching through Georgia"; and these results were brought about because the poet had so embodied the principle for which they were fighting, in his few simple lines, that every man felt that his own sentiments were expressed by them.

But the poet has been prominent in other fields of action, besides arousing men to deeds of patriotism. It is not what is national in the poet that is best, but what is universal; and the power of the poet has been displayed in the educational interests of the whole world. Particularly is this true in history, since the student has to thank the poet largely for what knowledge he is able to gain of the early inhabitants of the world. Were it not for those bards who wandered from place to place singing the praises of their country's heroes, legislators, and kings, we might to-day have been ignorant of many nations that have long since passed away, with whose manners and customs we now feel quite familiar. Not that we have been able to read the works of those wandering musicians, — Would that we had! — but they have been handed down orally from man to man, and, although much weakened in this manner, they have proved of inestimable value.

If, as we have shown, the poet has been so powerful for his country in times of danger, and so great a help to the students of the whole world, what shall we say of his services in behalf of Christianity! Surely in the cause of religion his best efforts have been put forth, and he has proven the greatest source of strength and encouragement that the soldiers of "the cross" have known. "It is not hard for us to understand why God has made his prophets poets," says one writer, "for poetry is itself a thing of God, and the more we feel of poesie, the more do we become like God in love and power." And, judging from the power which the verses of the prophets have manifested throughout the church's history, we can readily believe the statement; for how many weak and faltering men and women have been touched by some verse of Psalm or hymn, and transformed into strong and active supporters of every work brought forth for the uplifting of mankind.

Now, since we admit that the power of the poet is so great amongst men, it is but fitting that we should all become as familiar as possible with the standard poems of our times, in order that we may share in the possession of this power with the poet; for, as Longfellow has said, the next thing to being a great poet is the power of under-standing one. And it need not be an arduous or uncongenial task to any one, since poetry draws within its circle every subject that is glorious and inspiring, and is the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, thoughts, passions, emotions, and language. It quickens all man's love of truth and purity, and strengthens his affections for his home, his country, and his God.

In Memoriam.

GEORGE THOMAS GATES.

Class of '93.

Died December 7. 1890.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

THE appearance of this Mirror marks the close of the longest term of the school year. An unusual amount of changes have taken place in the Faculty. Professors Wells and Jernegan have left us. The former is now Professor of Political Economy in Bowdoin, and the latter is continuing his studies at the Newton Theological Seminary. Their places have been filled by Messrs. Bierwirth and Adams. Mr. Bierwirth graduated from the Academy in '79, and from Harvard in '84. Mr. Adams graduated from Bowdoin with the class of '89. About the middle of the term, owing to the large number of students, Mr. Stone, Yale '89, was added to the Faculty.

The Phillipian has been managed this term in a manner which reflects great credit upon Mr. Taylor and his Board of Editors, and proves clearly that they are perfectly competent to fill the position of trust which is given into their hands. The paper has been late but very few times, and has been remarkably free from the numerous typographical errors which are noticed in many college and school publications.

Under the able management of President Atha Philo has had a term of unlooked-for prosperity. Much new material has been developed, and we hope for more, as on this element largely depends the Society's success. The meetings have been large, notwithstanding the other Friday attractions, and we are glad to notice that only one meeting has adjourned without debate. The debates have been, as a rule, well contested and carefully prepared, while the questions have been new and interesting, although sometimes rather one-sided. The minor parts have been much better than usual, thanks to wise appointments, and only in debates has substituting been common, and a strong desire to work has been shown.

In our opinion too many changes of the Constitution have been attempted ; and members, especially the new men, should think carefully before altering a Constitution which has served the Society so long and well. We are glad to see that the excusing before debate is slowly dying out ; and we hope that in this matter the words "If necessary" will soon have their full meaning. The order has been good in most of the meetings, and the dignity of the Society upheld. Now that the singing-class night is changed, and the Winter Term approaching, every man in the school ought to avail himself of Philo's opportunities, and help to increase the new vigor which is raising her once more to her old position of importance and popularity. We express our thanks to the retiring officers for the faithful discharge of their duties, and extend a welcome to their successors.

The Society of Inquiry, judging from the number of its members, still holds its place in the hearts of the students. The meetings have been well attended, and the interest that has been manifested is marked. We believe that the influence of this Society on the Academy at large is very great, and that Christian life is greatly stimulated and aided by its earnest meetings of song and of prayer. The fellows who attended the convention at Northfield last July returned to their work strengthened and with a firmer purpose to promote the religious life in school. Missionary meetings have been held on the first Sunday evening of every month. In December, Mr. Murai of the Seminary gave an interesting talk on the young men of Japan.

By the unanimous wish of the Society the Constitution has been altered by a committee, and presented to the Faculty and Trustees for approval, which we trust will shortly be forthcoming. The reasons for the change are known to nearly all. Former members, upon returning to Andover, give evidence of the great help Inquiry has been to them; and in time that is to come may its influence be ever increased, so that the religious life may be wrought out for living a life of usefulness and happiness.

Y.M.C.A. has entered upon another year of its valuable work. Its membership suffered somewhat at the end of last term, yet new members are being added steadily. Its meetings have been a source of great blessing to its members, who find in its methods the best possible means for active Christian work. That there is need for systematic work cannot be denied; and it is with this purpose in view that Y.M.C.A. still continues in a silent, yet powerful manner to strengthen spiritually not only its members, but the whole school and community, and it appeals to every fellow who has any desire for active work to share in its work. Together with the Society of Inquiry, a hand-book has been published, and is an attractive feature of its work. In October, delegates were sent to the State Convention at Haverhill, who brought back helpful suggestions and forged one more link in the bond of Christian fellowship with sister associations.

The Reading-room, after some delays, caused for the most part by accident and the tardiness of the publishers, got in running order, with an increased number of papers, representing a wider field than before. The arrangement of the room has been slightly changed, and an additional shelf for the less-used magazines provided. We have noticed, however, with surprise and indignation, a growing tendency to talk loudly and scuffle in the room, and, above all, to withdraw or mutilate papers belonging to others. Several times we have even noticed pieces carefully cut out. We can only think that this is done through thoughtlessness, and that a word will check it. The reading-room is a place for all, and for its greatest usefulness each must be ready to give up a little for the common good.

Messrs. Eaton, Bierwirth, and Stone have very kindly acted as judges for us, and we wish to express our thanks to them. The first prize for stories has been awarded to the author of "A Voice from the Waves," Wadhams, '92; the second prize, to the author of "The Pluggers," Atha, '91; the third prize, to McClellan, '94, for his story entitled "The Turning of a Life." The first prize for poems was given to Bumstead, '91, who wrote the poem entitled "An Autumn Revery." The second prize was given to Adams, '91, for the poem "The Memory of the Past." Grant, '92, received the first prize for his cut "The Thanksgiving Dinner of the Phillips Family." The second prize was given to Allen, '93, for his cut of the Camera Club.

A. J. Wadhams contributed the best collection of grinds. J. Williams, Clark, '92, McLanahan, Allen, '93, and Howard, have also helped us very much by their contributions.

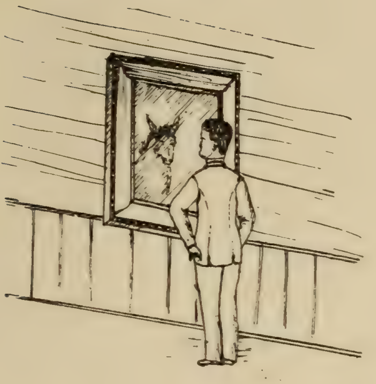
There has been an unusual number of entertainments this term, the most interesting and instructive of which have been the lectures in the People's Course which have been given in the Town Hall. Some of the best lecturers in the country have spoken, and a large number of the students have appreciated and improved the opportunity to hear such good speakers. Mrs. Downs's lecture on the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky was of especial interest, and all who were present felt amply repaid for going. Prof. Pray gave a very pleasant entertainment in the chapel one afternoon. The Fem. Sems. were invited, and a good time was enjoyed by all. An entertainment was also given in the vestry of the South church by the Hampton students, which proved to be not only interesting, but also very instructive.

The result of the foot-ball season has certainly been very pleasing to all, and the school can feel justly proud of being represented by such a fine team. Captain Townsend has proved himself to be one of the best of captains, and to his untiring efforts to bring out a strong eleven is our victory in a large measure due. The whole team trained hard and faithfully, and justly deserved the laurels which they so nobly won. The management procured good practice-games all through the season, and have been able to give a surplus of over two hundred dollars to the school. This was the first foot-ball game played under the new series, and we earnestly hope that the future games may all have a result as favorable for us as did the game this year.

In lawn tennis we were only partially successful. Anderson, our representative in singles, won easily; but Mills and Spaulding, in doubles, were defeated after a very close contest. The school tournament, however, was of more than usual interest, and the Academy has never had a better set of tennis players than it has this year. The Tennis Association has taken quite a boom this term, and now boasts of a constitution, and a membership of about two hundred students. McLanahan and Thompson, '91, deserve much credit for the way in which they have brought up this branch of athletics.

The Hare-and-Hounds Club has been a source of much pleasure and benefit to many of the students this fall, and has done much towards bringing out good material for the tournament next spring. A little bow of ribbon has been given to the winner of each run. Mr. Pettee has shown much interest in this direction this fall, and has helped very much in making the several runs successful.

We wish to express our thanks to the Philomathean Society for the trust which they have given to us, and we sincerely hope that this Mirror will come up to the height of their expectations. We wish our readers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.



MIRROR REFLECTIONS.

"They 'll take suggestions as a cat laps milk."

Mirror Editors

At scribbling, trading, praying,
Or even foot-ball playing,
There is none so good,
It is well understood,
As he who sings bass without braying.

Taylor, '91.

"Must I tolerate these mortals? *Hildreth*, '92.

Be Ware of the wrath of a new comer. *Ware*, '92.

All day I plug on German,
  And sometimes e'en all night;
But when Bierrie sends me to the board
  I never get it right. *Birnie*, '92.

Wanted: A moustache before Christmas. *Skinner*, '91.

We are three loyal Seniors,
  Who dignified do stand
To make the school remember
  We are the ruling band.
Adams, Yardley, W. de F. Thomson, '91,

Would that I were a man. *J. L. Wentz*, '92.

What I can't be is not worth being;
What I don't know is not worth knowing;
What I can't do is not worth doing,
Hildreth, '92.

"Too late! too late! You cannot enter now,"
Chapel, 8.15 A.M.

A man of the past, that he may be!
But one we will meet in eternity. *Beard*, 90.

And Far(e)well goes out sighing.

"Er-er-er-or-er don't know." *Brayton.*

What is that building standing there?
Is it a convent for the fair,
Where maidens betake themselves in despair?
For never a male has been inside,
Save those who are stamped or sealed or tied,
Men of letters well versified. *Draper Hall.*

"For a' that, and a' that, a man is a man for a' that."
Mann, '94.

Unknown and unprotected;
Unseen and unconnected. *The Prep.*

O'er his high forehead curled copious hair. *M. W. Montgomery.*

He'd a Roman nose and complexion fair. *Phinney.*

He'd a bright blue eye and an auburn lash. *Sheffield.*

And he ever kept shouting through his moustache. *Bumstead.*

All that in Andover is adored
Is my fair self I know;
For the whole school can but afford
One masher and one beau. *N. L. Barnes.*

"There 's only a few of us left." *The Lowell coaching party.*

There are occasions and causes, whys and wherefores, in all things, except the Faculty.

Alas, too true! 'tis white as snow
And soft as eider down. *Bumstead's moustache.*

"Unto us a child is born,
Six feet broad and ten feet long."
Fat Sawyer.

There was a fellow named Vaill
Whose jokes were so awfully stale;
"He knew it before,"
And he was such a bore,
That he made all his classmates turn pale.

Four long hours I spend on algebra; still I flunk.
A. D. Wood, '92.

"Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two." *Philo.*

The better part of valor is discretion.

'93's *opnion in having the cane-rush.*

The Chapel Choir sing solo,
And sometimes duet higher;
We often hear the deep basso,
But seldom half the choir.

Manufactured abroad, and taxed to the greatest extent.

Darling's smile.

When Nature made a lot of cheek,
She gave to him, just in a freak,
A treble portion, mixed with brass,
And showed the world a chump, alas!

W. M. H. Wadhams.

"And the wind blew through his whiskers."

Commie (on hearing the Chapel Choir).

"Am I to set my life upon a throw,
Because a bear is rude and surly? No.
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me; and no other can."

"Colonel Blue Grass Warrior."

"There is something strangely significant between your name and your action in recitation."

Prof. Coy to Knapp in Greek class.

"My figure divine
Would a Venus outshine,
And I tell you I'm something to see."

Turner, '92.

"As few and far between and scarce as white blackbirds."

Prof. Graves (in Physics).

Philo has a Porter
Who in knowledge doth abound;
And, no matter what the subject be,
He's sure to hold his ground. *Porter*, '92.

Ipse omnem longe decedere circo infusum populum et campos jubet esse patentes. *Chief Sawyer*.

"The blood within his crystal cheeks
Did such a color drive,
As though the lily and the rose
For mastership did strive." *G. G. Bartlett.*

"And there was mounting in hot haste."
The student late to chapel.

"Long shall we seek his likeness, long in vain
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding" — *Jernegan.*

Rejoice, O young man, in thy freshness of youth.
"*Wobbie*" *Duncan, P.A.* '93.

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occcasion to forbear,
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive."
Green Bros.

"But in the way of bargain, mark ye me, I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair." *Joe Lynch.*

"The Faculty steals 'long with silent tread,
Found oftenest in what least we dread;
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow."

"Wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason." *Babbitt*, '91.

"What's a table richly spread,
Without 'the Major' at its head?"

"Quick of despatch, discreet in every trust,
Rigidly honest, and severely just." *The Faculty.*

The latest addition to the school in the way of curiosities.
The Lesters.

Take him up tenderly;
Lift him with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair. *Farwell*, '92.

"I bear a charmed life." *Hood. "the Scalper."*

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again." *Ketchum.*

Framed to make women false. *N. L. Barnes.*

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven."
Snell, '91.

His hair was sandy, but the rest of him was entirely of a different grain. *Howe, P.S.* '93.

"I chatter, chatter as I go,
Which makes my friends all shiver;
For man may come and men may go,
But I talk on forever." *R. Conant.*

"Extremes meet." *Wilkinson and Perry.*

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A bold, bad man. *Osgood, P.A.* '91.

"If you seek for information,
Or desire an explanation,
I'm a brimming font of wisdom
That responds to every call.
For assorted, gilt-edged knowledge
I can discount any college.
I'm a simple little fellow;
But I know it all." *Porter*, '92.

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
The Orchestra.

Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking.
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
John Homer Smith, '92.

The following seems to be the sentiments of the Middle Class:

Sophomore,
Bow before
Our magnificence.
Freshman brat,
Take off your hat;
No impertinence.

"And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age." *Snell*, '91.

A heavy lot of mashers. *Foot-ball Team.*

A. E. Skinner,
On the lookout for dinner,
Says a very long grace
With an angelic face.

"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits."
McGeorge, P.A. '94.

"What's in a name?" *Ralph Waldo Emerson, P. S.* '92.

? *Conant, P. A.* '92.

The "Mucker High." *Jennings.*

I wish I were an angel
And could with Bumstead stand.
My eyes would be towards Heaven,
And I should view the promised land.

"Somebody's Darling." *D. Harry.*

No Goose. *Gosline*, '93.

"And was so proud that should he meet
The twelve apostles in the street,
He'd turn his nose up at them all,
And shove the best saint to the wall. *Clary.*

"When are we going to be measured for our suits, Fred?"
Auchincloss.

"Er-r-r-r ow-w-w." *Baldrige, P. S.* '92.

"The Fem. Sems. can't help being mashed on me."
Tilley, P. S. '93.

Talk not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun,
No savage e'er could rend my heart,
As a "certain Fem" hath done.
Birnie, P. S. '92.

Am I not the only automaton on earth? Say yes, for Heaven's sake! *Babbitt*, '91.

The Golden Calf. *de Forest.*

Admodum puer. *George York Skinner of Westfield.*

There was a young fellow named Strong,
Who said, "I will not last long";
On account of the tale, so awfully stale,
Of lame Johnnie who never did wrong."
Strong, '92.

Ignorant of nothing, save his own ignorance. *Hildreth.*

Why, I'm built for an athlete. *Blakeslee*, '93.

Music(?), when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory.
School Choir.

I am a volume, if you only knew how to read me.
H. B. Foster, '92

"Behold the child of nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."
Woodruff.

When his brain is charged with the electricity of genius, it is the wild, leaping flame of his enthusiasm that makes the welkin ring.
O. M. Clark, '94.

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.
N. L. Barnes.

Be not righteous overmuch. *Pinchback.*

"I was born under a rhyming planet." *A. S. Davis, P.A.* '93.

A huntsman bold am I. *J. H. Smith.*

How green you are, and fresh in this old world. *Perkin's Prep.*

Three roguish chaps together.
"Tripper," "Sandy," and "Dutch."

Who thinks too little, and who talks too much. *Canfield*, '92.

He'll speak like an Anthropopaginian unto thee. *R. L. Conant.*

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.
Hitchcock, P.A. '92.

Saucy and overbold. *Bristol* '94.

Where gottest thou that goose look? *H. B. Foster.*

What means this strange commotion. *Bradley's cane-rush.*

An empty vessel makes the greatest sound. *Porter*, '93.

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine. *Sheldon's hair.*

If you wish cigars to buy,
Do not purchase of the passer-by.
Advice to "The Victims of *the* Ethiopian."

He boards at Chap's. *Woolsey*, '94.

Ugh! Me heap big, Sam. *Rustin*, '91.

Non illo. *Exeter.*

A man of abbreviations. *Mack*, '94.

Wanted: First prize for graceful walk. *Skinner*, '93.

Pre-eminently handsome, superlatively sweet.
Beyond a doubt, tho' somewhat stout, he's good enough to eat.
Brayton, '92.

Who spilt that perfumery? *Cox*, '91.

Like a sphinx he sits and thinks, and never once has smiled.
Shackford.

"But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."
Holt, '93.

Thou art so wicked, witty, and so thin. *Ketchum*, '93.

I am not lean enough to be though a good student. *Francis.*

He hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger. *Mc George.*

They live on crispy pancakes of yellow tide foam.
Marland's Boarders.

"By nature honest, by experience wise;
Healthy by temperance and by exercise."
L. W. Smith.

"I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted."
The Faculty by the school.

Latin Commons tonsorial artists and cranium manipulators.
Hedges and Lippenov.

I have a kind of alacrity in flunking. *Mitchell*, '92.

Just at the age, 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
McLanahan, '92.

"I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."
Adams, '91.

He baits his hook for subscribers. *Atha.*

It was written at a white heat. 91's "*whereas*".

Oh! there is something in that voice that reaches the innermost recesses of my heart. "*George*" *Skinner.*

Misfortunes never come singly. "*Kid*" *Terrill.*

There is too much red tape about this system. *Lapham*, '93.

He stood firm at his post. *Townsend in Exeter game.*

As he walked his eyes were on the ground. *Shackford.*

Smells wooingly here. *The Fem. Sem. woods.*

"Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn."
Student, a minute after 8.

The pollywog died a laughing to see him wag his jaw.
Matthews, '94.

No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I. *Pinchback.*

Oh, Jersey, hast thou another so fresh? *R. L. Conant.*

Full of strange oaths. *Auchincloss.*

A winning way and pleasant smile.
Dressed so neat, but quite the style. *Crawford*, '92.

After losing my breakfast I felt like a house without a roof.
Henry Tucker Brown, '91.

I strive each day to foster the perfection to which I have attained.
A. T. Robinson, '92.

"Enjoyed all things both great and small,
But one another's company enjoyed they most of all."
Fisher and Tilley.

I follow public opinion as a coachman follows his horses.
Ely, '92.

"Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord."
Sanford.

My mind is like the moonlight, the reflection of brighter rays no longer brilliant. *Bryant.*

The lustre of my renown is only kept bright by the magic polish of my genius. *Adams.*

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way."
G. G. Bartlett.

My ability is distinctive, above the attainment of ordinary genius.
Skinner, '93.

Through him his class has accomplished wonders. *Zeal*, '94.

Wanted: Somebody to turn down my collar. *Shackford.*

In his character abound the frolic of invention, the dance of words, the melody of sound, and the effulgent dazzle of genius.

Rustin, '91.

I feel that my special calling is to set a good example to the Preps. *J. M. Dickson, P. S.* '92.

He eats to please himself, and dresses to please others.

J. E. Bailey.

Never out of season. *Haste*, '94.

"His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
And he himself one vile antithesis."

Thomson, '91.

Straight as a string is he. *Line*, '92.

My thoughts would become jewels of eloquence, were they but moulded into words. *Ames*, '92.

"We let the tender office long engaged
To rock the cradle of this mighty age."

Tirrell, '93.

What a loss my graduation will be to the Academy!

Yardley, '91.

We always enjoy our repasts for the reason that we never go to our meals without being ravenously hungry.

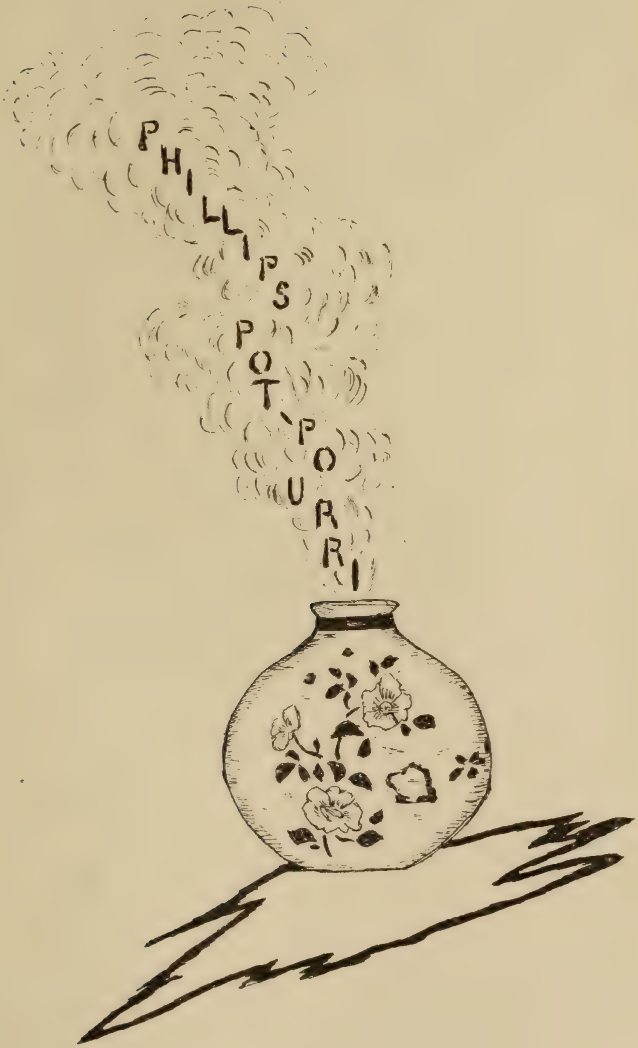
Boarders in Commons.

With me the Academy needs no foreign adornment.

McLanahan.

What I think of myself — that is what has determined my fate.

Woodman.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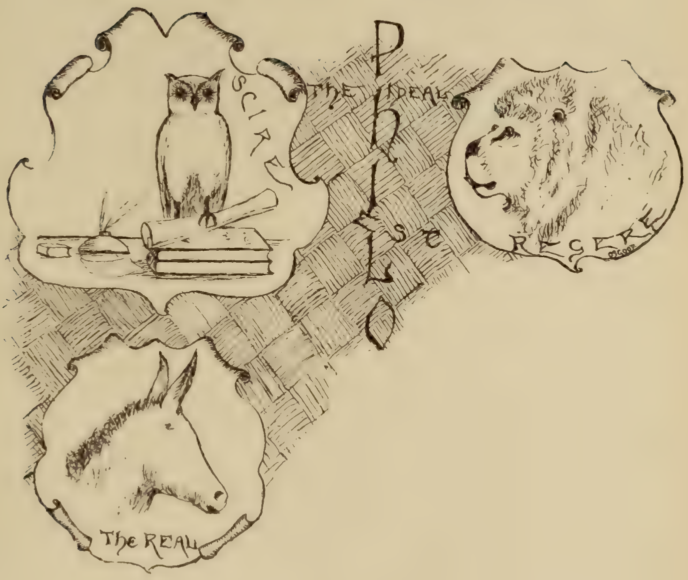

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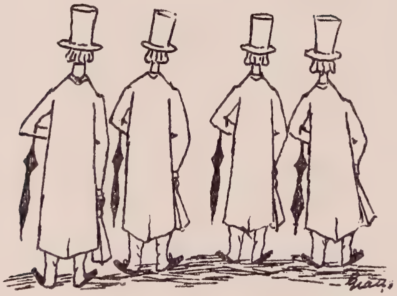

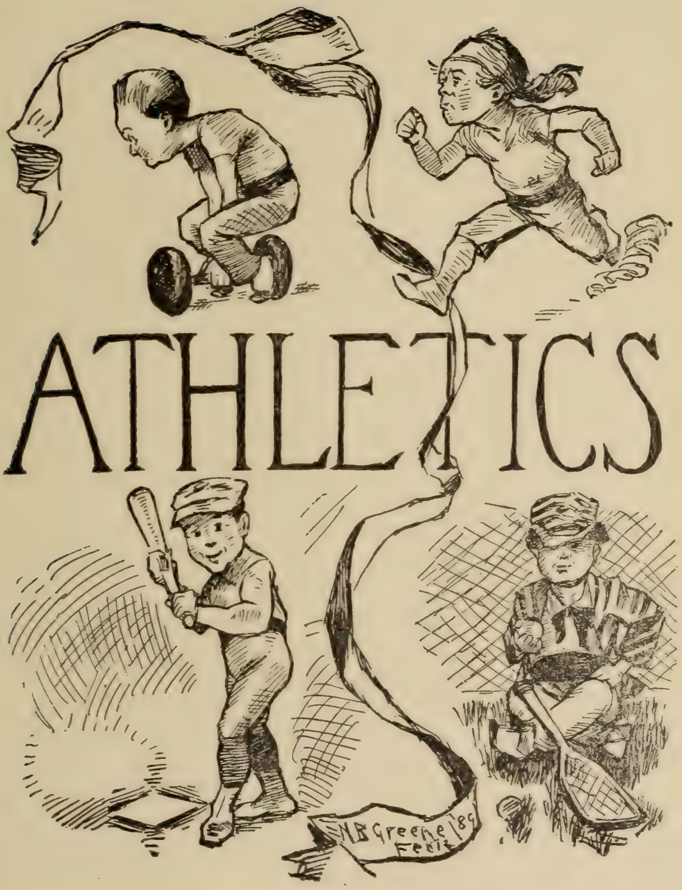
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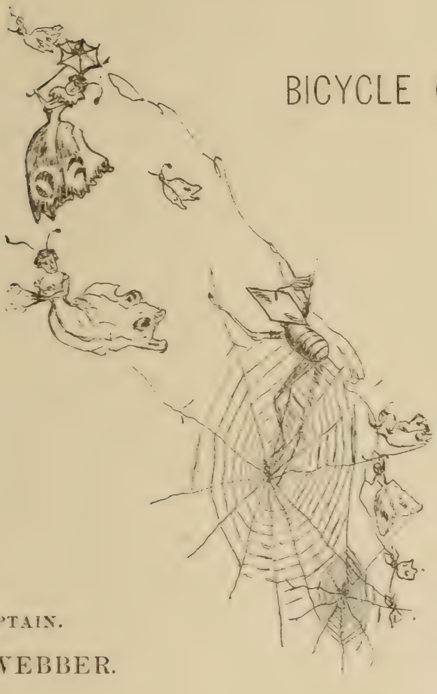

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F. E. WEYERHAEUSER.

2d LIEUTENANT.

G. K. KING.

COLOR BEARER.

E. C. HOPKINS.

MEMBERS.

Albree, R.
Bailey, J. E.
Balentine, J. A.
Barnes, B.
Brayton, W. L. S.
Brown, O. A.
Coghlan, G.
Clark, E. L.
Crawford, C. A.
Farwell, J. A.
Gilmour, A. J.
Hopkins, E. C.
King, G. K.
Kittredge, C. A.
Masury, F. L. M.
Page, P.
Skinner, G. Y.
Strong, H. G.
Weyerhaeuser, F. E.
Webber, G. M.

CLASS OFFICERS.

P. A., '91.

Colors: Garnet and Light Green.

Εἰδῶμεν Εὖ Διάγειν.

President,	S. W. Tyler.
Vice President,	J. Ogilvie.
Secretary,	A. R. Clark.
Treasurer,	S. B. Darling.

P. S., '91.

Colors: Old Gold and Lavender.

Ohn' Fleiss, kein Preis.

President,	E. V. Cox.
Vice President,	L. M. Keeler.
Secretary and Treasurer,	H. N. Stevens.

P. A., '92.

"Virtute valemus."

President,	C. H. Woodruff.
Vice President,	E. C. Sawyer.
Secretary and Treasurer,	A. D. Pardee.

P. S., '92.

Colors: Light Blue and Moss Green.

President,	S. G. Colt.
Vice President,	A. D. Wood.
Secretary and Treasurer,	W. Birnie.

P. A., '93.

Colors: Old Gold and Brown.

President,	D. H. Bixler.
Vice President.	A. H. Bliss.
Secretary and Treasurer,	C. D. Millard.

P. S., '93.

Colors: Black and Old Gold.

President.	W. A. Pinchback.
Vice President,	J. E. Bailey.
Secretary and Treasurer,	R. D. Reed.

P. A., '94.

President.	J. H. Phillips.
Vice President.	L. Moody.
Secretary,	J. H. Haste.
Treasurer.	H. F. Mann.

P. S., '94.

Colors: Pale Blue and Burnt Orange.

"Semper prodeuntes."

President,	J. L. Belknap.
Vice President.	A. C. Mack.
Secretary,	A. Zeal.
Treasurer,	L. P. Hazeltine.

GLEE CLUB.

PRESIDENT.

D. H. Darling, '92, S.

MANAGER.

B. W. Stover, '92, A.

FIRST TENOR.

S. P. White, '91, A.
B. W. Stover, '92, A.
J. H. Haste, '94, A.

SECOND TENOR.

Mr. Stone.
G. R. Atha, '91, A.
D. R. Barlow, '94, A.

FIRST BASS.

E. T. Wright, '92, S.
J. Taylor, jr., '91, A.
E. S. Stevens, '93, A.

SECOND BASS.

N. B. Coffin, '93, A.
D. H. Darling, '92, S.
A. D. Wood, '92, S.

CHAPEL CHOIR.

The chapel choir! the chapel choir!
Its doleful music makes us tired:
Its piercing shrieks and notes so dire
Are cause enough to have it fired.

MEMBERS.

White, Prima Donna.
Atha, Tin horn.
Stover, Shouting tenor.
Moré, Another.
Francis adds weight.
Sanford, Kazoo.
Stevens, Bagpipes.
Coffin, Bassoon.
Condit, Excruciator.
Mr. Stone adds dignity.

Bradley, Wright, Darling, Barlow, Taylor, and Wood. Unsanctified Howlers.

Snell, Purveyor of Wind.

Such music hath power to split a cabbage.

BANJO CLUB

LEADER.

H. G. Sanford, '91.

BANJORINES.

H. G. Sanford, '91. A. R. Clark, '91.
B. Barnes, '92, S.

2ND BANJOS.

F. W. Howard, '93, S. A. G. Howard, '93, S.

PICOLO BANJO.

F. Rustin, '91, S.

GUITARS.

E. O. Gordon, '92, S. F. DeP. Townsend, '92, S.
E. S. Eaton, '92, S.

MANDOLINS.

H. G. Strong, '92. J. A. Farwell, '92, S.
H. G. Sanford, '91.

Blunt House Banjo Club.

DIRECTOR.

Conant.

1ST BANJOS.

J. I. C. Secor. "Fanny" Conant.

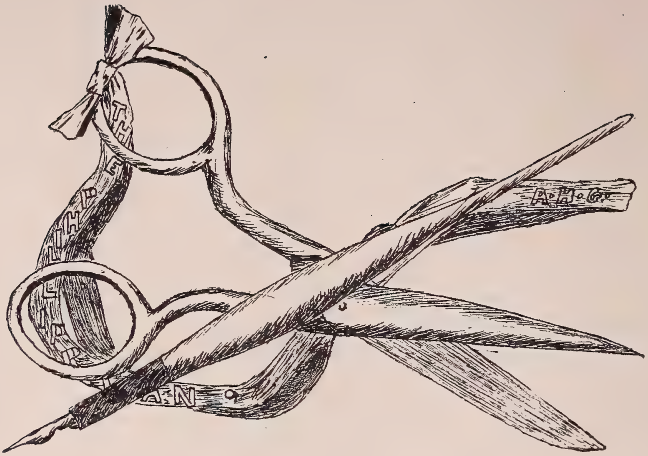
2D BANJOS.

"Timmy" Hyde. "Never Flunk" Sheffield.

"Cigarette" Wood.

GUITAR.

"Gruff" Mackey.



MANAGING EDITOR.

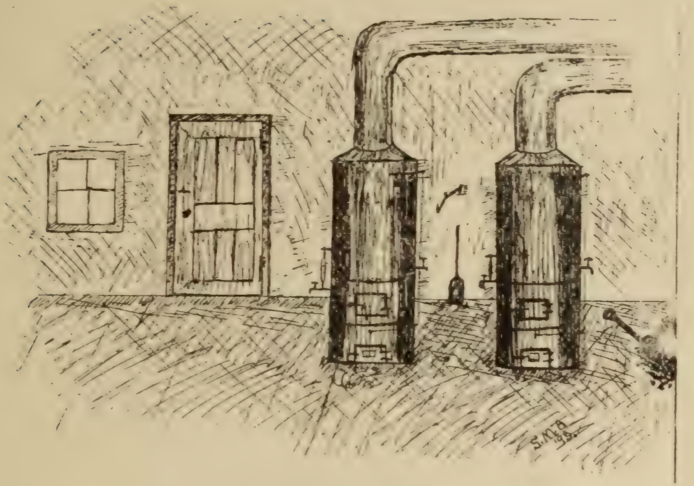
J. Taylor, jr., '91.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

G. R. Atha, '91.

EDITORS.

F. Rustin, '91,
S. W. Tyler, '91,
F. deP. Townsend, '91,
G. Y. McLanahan, '92,
J. O. Moré, '92,
J. B. Neale, '92,
L. W. Smith, '92,
D. L. Vaill, 92,
G. S. McLaren, '92,
W. M. H. Wadhams, '92.
W. T. B. Williams, '93.



PHILLIPS FIRE DEPARTMENT.

FOREMAN.

J. Ogilvie.

ASSISTANT FOREMAN.

J. H. Knapp.

LEADING HOSEMEN.

F. deP. Townsend,
Fred Rustin,
J. A. Powell,
J. B. Neale.

SUCTION HOSEMEN.

D. H. Darling,
C. H. Woodruff,
L. Zieppecht,
S. G. Colt,

P. A. CAMERA CLUB.

PRESIDENT.

F. T. Hooker.

SECRETARY.

S. S. Yardley.

TREASURER.

L. M. Keeler.

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Mr. Adams,
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N. L. Barnes,
J. L. Belknap,
W. R. Brown,
W. C. Capen,
F. W. Conant,
J. de Forest,
H. Ely,
R. W. Emerson,
H. B. Foster,
J. D. Garth,
E. O. Gordon,
F. T. Hooker,
L. M. Keeler,
G. R. King,
A. J. Lewis,
A. C. Mack,
F. W. McMillan,
G. X. McLanahan,
C. M. Miller,
H. G. Strong,
D. L. Vaill.

P. A. (gayly).— Foot-ball is a fine game is 'n't it?
P. E. A. (sadly). Yes; I thought so, before I forgot how to play.

Phillips Academy Foot-Ball Team.

MANAGERS.

L. W. Smith. A. D. Wood, Fred Rustin.

CAPTAIN.

F. deP. Townsend.

Left.	RUSHERS.	*Right.*
Cox,	(end)	Hinkey,
Townsend.	(tackle)	Colt,
Ogilvie.	(guard)	Taylor.

Perkins (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.

Sheffield.

HALF-BACKS.

Hopkins. Woodruff.

FULL-BACK.

Knapp.

SUBSTITUTES.

Babbitt, Goetchius. Foster.

Second Eleven.

Left.	RUSHERS.	*Right*
Foster.	(end)	Tyler.
Goetchius	(tackle)	Montgomery.
Ziepprecht,	(guard)	Bennett,
	Francis (centre).	

QUARTER-BACK.

Babbitt.

HALF-BACKS.

Jennings.	Johnstone,	Hinkey.

FULL-BACK.

Auchincloss.

Morton Street Team.

MANAGER.

G. R. King.

TREASURER.

F. Weyerhaeuser.

CAPTAIN.

H. Jennings.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
“Kid” Cox,	(end)	“A cold night,” Sanford.
“Toothpick” Trask.	(tackle)	“Fem. Sem.” Weyerhaeuser.
“Coacher” Zieppreclit.	(guard)	“The town slugger” King.

“Eiffel Tower” Robinson (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.

“Plyless Johnny” Johnstone.

HALF-BACKS.

Lang. “Mamma's boy” Babbitt.

FULL-BACK.

“Military shape” Jennings.

SUBSTITUTE.

“Speedy” Bennett (centre),
“Shorty” Pardee (quarter)‘
“Rusher of Fem. Sems.” Pinchback (half-back).
“Smokey Eagle” also looks well in a foot-ball suit.

CHEERING STAFF.

Leader, Sandie's trousers.
1st Assistant, Cox, '91, with a bass voice.
General soup, Blaksley, the “all around athlete.”

Abbot Street Team.

MANAGERS.

" Pap" Eaton, " Fat " Sawyer.

CAPTAIN.

Mr. J. M. Goetchius, Jr.

RUSHERS.

Left.	*Right.*
C Francis,	" Jo-Jo " Brown.
" Mr."Goetchius,	Bliss.
" Dialect " Taylor,	" Miss " Barnes.

" Fat " Sawyer.

QUARTER-BACK.

" Lulu " Johnson.

HALF-BACKS.

" Pap." Eaton, " Bull Frog " Ellsworth.

FULL-BACK.

" Sprinter " Lee.

" Sliver " Line paces off the gains.

" Persevering " Gilmore leads the cheering with his coat.

" N. B. Gordon would be in the " rush "-line, but he always " flunks."

Salem Street Team.

MANAGER.

Hopkins and de Forest.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
Allen (Capt.)		Coghlan.
Wilder,		de Forest.
Sessions.		Lester, P. R.
	Hopkins.	

QUARTERBACK.

Masury.

HALF-BACKS.

Gould, Thompson.

FULL-BACK.

Bailey.

SUBSTITUTES.

Ladd. Beard, Richmond.

SWEATER CARRIER.

" Romeo Hoodoo " Hedge.

English Commons Team.

MANAGERS.

F. A. Hinkey, E. W. Ames.

CAPTAIN.

J. B. Neale.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
F. H. Bartlett,	(end)	W. Montgomery.
F. Montgomery,	(tackle)	J. B. Neale,
W. H. Symonds,	(guard)	L. W. Smith.

A. H. Cornish (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.

R. W. Emerson.

HALF-BACKS.

F. S. Fales, L. Moody.

FULL-BACK.

T. C. Phinney.

SUBSTITUTES.

N. W. Jernegan, E. Day.

Latin Commons Team.

MANAGERS.

B. W. Stover. C. D. Millard. T. S. Smith.

CAPTAIN.

S. W. Tyler.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
P. R. Allen.	(end)	H. T. Brown.
G. R. Atha.	(tackle)	A. E. Skinner.
J. J. Hazen.	(guard)	J. O. Moré.
	O. M. Clark (centre).	

QUARTER-BACK.

S. C. Johnson.

HALF-BACKS.

C. D. Millard. S. W. Tyler.

FULL-BACK.

M. A. C. Shackford.

SUBSTITUTES.

J. A. Powell. M. Lippenov. E. S. Stevens.

Blunt House Team.

CAPTAIN.

Rustin.

RUSHERS.

Left.	*Right.*
“Shorty” Hyde,	“Old Horse” Fisher.
“Fannie Rice” Conant.	“Soldier” Cowin.
“J. I. C.” Secor.	“Tubby” Thomson.

“Big Sam” Rustin.

QUARTER-BACK.

Halderman.

HALF-BACKS.

“Blue glass” Quarrier, “Frenchie” Clark.

FULL-BACK.

Mackey.

P. S. '91. Team.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
Hood.	(end)	Chivers.
Prof. Graves.	(tackle)	Prof. McCurdy.
King. (manager)	(guard)	Rustin.

Francis, (centre)

QUARTER-BACK.

“Little Willie” Stevens.

HALF-BACKS.

Cox, (captain) Keeler.

FULL-BACK.

Prof. Bierwirth.

Carpenter House Team.

RUSHERS.

Left.	*Right.*
"Tow Head" Wilkins,	"Contortionist" Vaill.
"Can't stand up" Galusha.	"Fatty" Clark.
"Bertie" Strong,	"Tripper" King.

"Peri" Perry.

QUARTER-BACK.

"Boardie" Boardman.

HALF-BACKS.

"Innocent Kid" Brayton, "Question Mark" Wilkinson.

FULL-BACK.

"Lengthy" Farnum.

LAST SUBSTITUTES.

Cutler's "Pet Baby." Auchincloss.

"Pet Baby" also wears the elastics, shin-guards, bandages, and carries water.

Brown's Cafe Team.

CAPTAIN.

Masury.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
J. Williams,	(end)	Coghlan.
Hopkins,	(tackle)	Richmond,
Ladd,	(guard)	Baldrige.

Burroughs (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.

Masury.

HALF-BACKS.

Thompson, B. Williams.

FULL-BACK.

Gould.

Kid's Eleven.

CAPTAIN

Page.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
A. S. Davis,	(end)	W. J. Lapham.
A. T. Schauffler,	(tackle)	A. H. Bliss.
W. B. Cowin,	(guard)	J. B. McGeorge.
	R. H. Duncan, (centre)	

QUARTER-BACK.

S. A. Johnston.

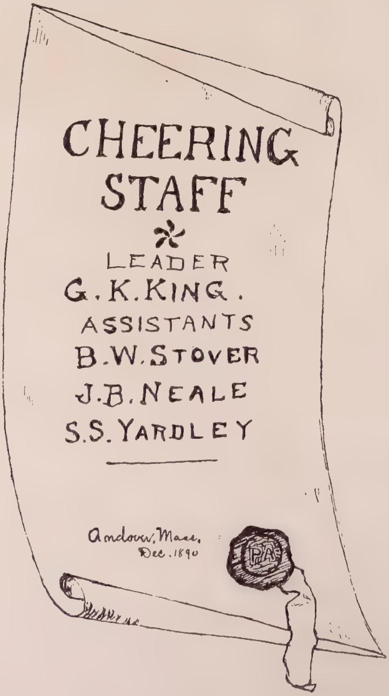
HALF-BACKS.

W. O. Cox.

P. Page, (captain)

FULL-BACK.

J. L. Belknap.



CHEERING STAFF

LEADER

G. K. KING.

ASSISTANTS

B. W. STOVER

J. B. NEALE

S. S. YARDLEY

Andover, Mass.
Dec. 1890

POLICE FORCE.

CHIEF.

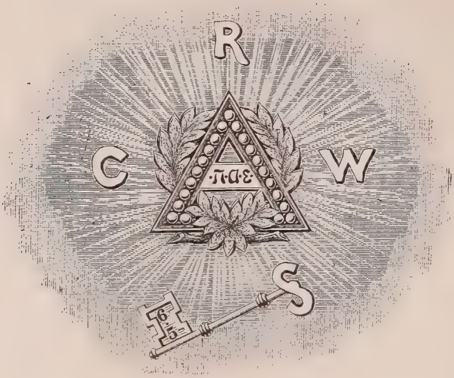
E. S. Sawyer.

ASSISTANTS.

D. H. Darling,
A. Foster.
C. H. Farnum,
J. A. Powell,
F. Rustin,
H. G. Sanford.

Walter Birnie,
Edward V. Cox,
D. Harry Darling,
Arthur Foster,
Thomas W. Hyde,
Lee A. Johnson,
Alfred D. Pardee,
Edward S. Sawyer,
George Sheffield,
John R. Williams,

Tom J. Baldrige,
Samuel G. Colt.
John M. Goetchius, jr.,
Fred. deP. Townsend.
Alan D. Wood.
Frank I. Worrall.
Sam. S. Yardley.



Bayard Barnes,

Harry R. Bradley,

A. Ray Clark,

J. H. Churchill Clark,

Charles H. Farnam,

John A. Farwell,

Richard C. Haldeman,

James H. Knapp,

Fred Rustin.

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It is the duty of every student in Phillips Academy to patronize the firms which advertise in the "Phillipian" or "Mirror." In patronizing these firms one may feel sure that he is dealing with the best houses and also that he is greatly benefitting the literary work of the school; for it is a well-known fact that the different school and college publications are dependent to a large extent on the advertisements for their existence. Therefore, we hope that the fellows will patronize those firms, and only those, which advertise in the school publications.

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"So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long." *Hyde, '92.*

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Illustrated.

THE SUNDAY TELEGRAM

3263.

BY TELEGRAPH.

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MANUFACTURED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
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sold in bulk.

Not quite long enough for his name. *Yard-ley, '91.*

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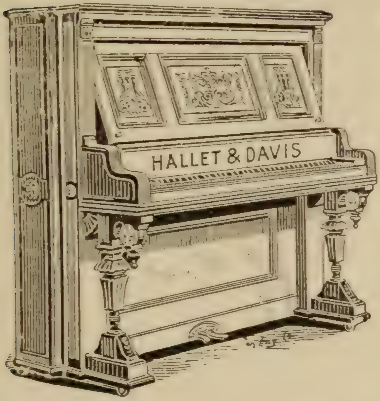

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—AND—
GENT'S OUTFITTERS.
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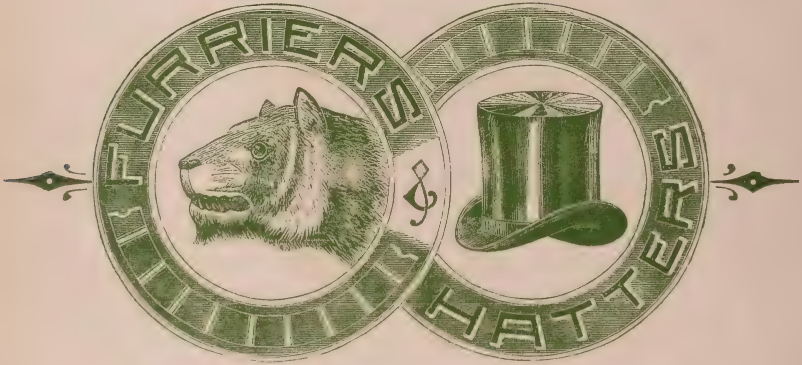

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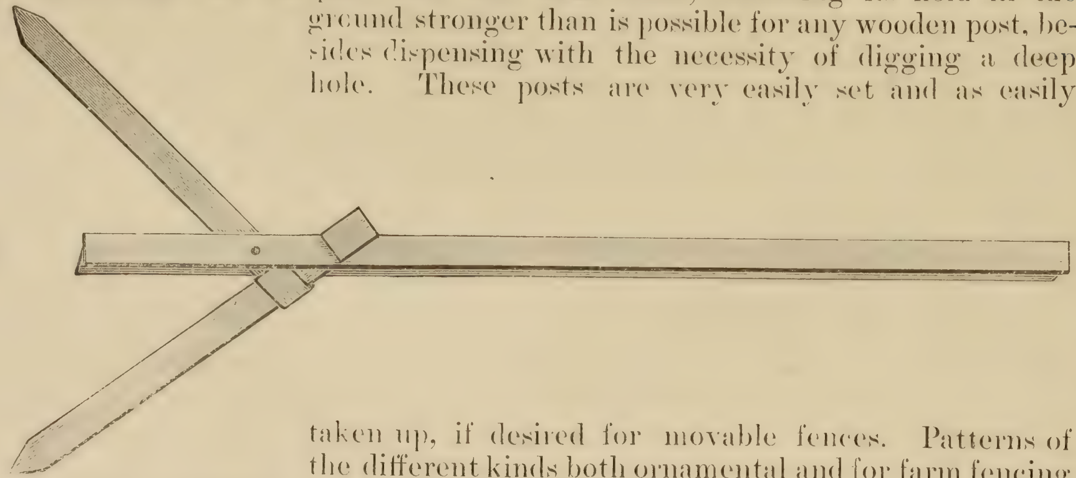

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The Vocal Memnon.

First Prize Poem.

IN a far off southern country,
  By the Nile's deep flowing stream,
Stands a statue tall, imposing
  As an ancient sculptor's dream.
Like some proud, defiant monarch,
  Throwing off Time's mighty hand,
Jealously it watches Egypt,
  Carefully it guards the land.

Legend tells how Saturn, envious
  That his forces nought availed,
Called to aid the fire-god Vulcan,
  Through whose power all Nature quailed.
Vulcan came with mighty earthquake,
  Shook the statue to its base.
Ruined was its lofty grandeur,
  Marred for aye its stately grace.

Firm it stood, though sorely shaken ;
  Yet no more it seemed to gaze
Out toward Thebes, with strong protection,
  Through the Nile's dim, golden haze.
And a sort of softened beauty,
  Like the sunset's fading light,
Overcast the massive figure,
  Overspread the giant's might.

Often, then, when dewy morning
  Brought the spring-time of the day,
Would the traveller, joyous hearted,
  Drinking sunshine on his way,
Hear from out that broken figure
  Sounds like harpcords sometimes know,
Snapped by some deep note of passion,
  Torn by ecstacy of woe.

Till he stopped, by joy transported,
  While the tones so wildly sweet
Stirred his deepest soul in sadness,
  Brought a flood of memories fleet ;
While the melody enchanting
  Died in note so weird and long
That it flooded Nile with music,
  That it swept her banks with song.

Ages passed ; and came the Romans,
  Came with slavish, borrowed art,
Soon restored the ancient statue,
  New supplied each broken part.
Once again did Egypt's monarch
  Tower aloft with former pride.
Fawningly the stream rolled by him,
  Servilely the sluggish tide.

But the gentle charm was broken,
  Vanished all the magic power

That would spell-bound hold the traveller
  In the early morning hour.
Silent now it stood, impassive.
  Like a form of soul deprived.
Never more with rending heart-throb.
  Never more with sorrow rived.

. . . .

Oh! there are in Earth's best music
  Chords that echo through the heart,
With a longing, upward tending.
  Unfulfilled and vague in part.
Such as when the swan, at evening,
  Sailing slow past sedges grey,
Breathes her death-song, sweet and mournful.
  Breathes her life in plaints away.

Touched with sympathy of sadness,
  Thus the poet's soul must be
Torn by love's exalted rapture —
  Torn, but beating high and free,
Ere his song, attuned to Nature,
  Sharing all her harmony,
Lift a sweet, exalted cadence,
  Rise in perfect melody.

A. T. R.

A Valuable Assistant.

First Prize Story.

It was near the close of banking hours in the city of Duluth, Minnesota, in the summer of 1881; and at the great banking house of Kennedy, Holbrook, and Co. business men and office cashiers crowded in with deposits and papers to close up the business of the day. The expert teller behind the little brass gate received and examined the deposits and paid demand checks with professional speed and skill; messenger boys ran in and out among the men who came and went, careful of the valuable packages in their hands. The accountants were busy with a special statement, which was finished a half hour later, and carried by the faithful old book-keeper to the private office, where the members of the firm were gathered.

Mr. Kennedy, the senior member of the house, read aloud the figures which showed the prosperity of the institution and the immense business which it carried. Even he was surprised with the amounts, and, as he discussed the matter with his partners, he mentioned the even greater profit of his personal investments of the past year in city values, which had increased with such wonderful rapidity.

The bank was one of the oldest in the state, and Banker Kennedy was known as one of the wealthiest men of the city, to whom money-making was a passion, and little else was known. But the idol of his life was his daughter Edna, who was entirely unlike him in taste and disposition, and whom he scarcely understood. He was very proud of her when, a few weeks before, she had graduated from the High School, bearing the honors of her class, and thought almost with regret of the coming months, when she would leave home to enter the University at Ann Arbor. He wished he had spent more evenings with her in their beautiful home, instead of allowing business to absorb his time as it had. In a general way he admired her painting and music, because they were Edna's; he knew also of her hours spent with favorite authors, and of occasional afternoons spent in work among the poorer people, down toward the docks and wharves; but his own days and evenings, spent in the office, and occasionally at the club, gave him no time or taste to share with her in these things.

Edna thought much of this, and wished that her father might give to her of himself and his companionship as freely as he gave to her every other want. Reared in a home of wealth, without knowing aught of the struggles of life for herself, yet she had shared them in the lives of some of those for whom she had planned and worked; and few realized the strength of character lying beneath the happy, girlish face of Edna Kennedy. Her departure for the University was looked forward to with eagerness; and her three years there, varied by the summers spent in her Minnesota home, sped by very quickly, both to her and her University friends.

. . . .

It was a raw day in March. The wind blew keenly from the icy water and choppy waves of Lake Superior through the streets of Duluth, causing the pedestrians to hurry as they went. But it could not move the excited crowd which was gathered about the bank of Kennedy, Holbrook, and Co. An hour before, the doors of the great house had been closed, and the word had spread like wild-fire through the city. Old merchants would scarcely believe the report; but they hurried through the streets, only to find it confirmed by the bolted doors and blockaded streets at the bank.

All classes of people were in the crowd. Here a day laborer who had gathered a few dollars in the bank jostled against a capitalist who had thousands involved. Yonder a poor washerwoman, with face pale and pitiful, stood side by side with a wealthy lawyer who was intent on getting a first chance at the resources. At one side a knot of business men were excitedly discussing the causes of the failure. The institution had been regarded as so absolutely sound that its failure was a veritable earthquake shock to the financial condition of the city.

At last a door opened, and Banker Kennedy appeared. In almost an instant the crowd became still, and listened with bated breath while he stated the cause of the failure. The great depression in business and decline of values in the past three years had made money very scarce. Investments which had been considered by all as safe had been guaranteed in large amounts, and now the general decline had forced them back upon the house, until they could carry them no longer. If time were given them to realize on their resources, they hoped to pay in full, and resume business again. They were ready to begin at once to turn over their resources to satisfy the creditors.

Most of the leading depositors favored this; but one excited one, unwilling to take his turn with the others, soon instituted legal proceedings, and compelled the firm to make an assignment, thus sacrificing much of the value of the assets by placing them at forced sale. The bankers were helpless, and could only stand by and see the accumulations of years slip out of their hands, without power to prevent it.

Mr. Kennedy was in despair. He went back and forth from home to office, dazed and almost overcome; he was driven with work through the day, and sleepless and feverish at night. His fortune had vanished, his business was swept away, hope itself was almost gone. His wife was patient and courageous through it all, but Edna — how could he tell her? It would mean the breaking down of all her plans of completing her University course, and of travel in Europe for the study of music and art. He decided not to tell her for the present, hoping she might be able to remain at the University for at least the remainder of the year. But it was impossible to keep it secret from her. A few evenings later as Edna sat at tea she glanced over the evening paper, and was startled by the bold head-lines, "The Kennedy-Holbrook Failure;" "A Receiver now appointed;" "All the Resources and Property of the Concern required to meet Demands of the Creditors."

Edna burst into tears and fled to her room, followed by some of her girl friends, who kindly offered their sympathy. What should she do? What did it all mean? Her friends urged her to remain in school, telling her that matters were probably not as bad as they seemed. But she could think only of her father, crushed as he must be by the misfortune, and of her mother, worn with the anxiety, and so she decided to go home at once. The Chicago night express left at ten o'clock, and in the few intervening hours her hasty preparations were made and hurried farewells said to the few of her friends who knew of her going. All through the long night, as the train hurried on through the darkness, her sleepless mind was trying to realize the full meaning of the news, and what would result from it. Would they have to give up their home? Would her father be changed by it all, and how could she best help him?

It was noon when the heavy train thundered over the switches and crossings of Duluth, and stopped in the busy and crowded depot. Edna quietly passed through the crowd to a cab standing near, and was soon at her home. The family were just sitting down to dinner, when they were astonished by her sudden entrance. Mr. Kennedy expressed regret that she had left her studies to come, but yet he was somehow very glad that she had, though he protested that she could do nothing by coming, and so might as well have continued in the University. They talked over future plans during the dinner-hour, and Edna strengthened her own courage by encouraging her father, and telling him how she would help in rebuilding the fallen ruins.

She was as good as her word, and within a few days had secured a position as teacher in the city schools. The work was hard, and taxed her strength and endurance to the utmost, but she worked on, patient through all the difficulties, and cheered as she saw her father taking heart again. He seemed utterly disheartened at first. His whole ambition and thought had been in his fortune, so much, indeed, that he had not taken time to enjoy the many things which it might have brought to him. But now that it was hopelessly gone he turned to his family as his remaining treasure, and in the months which followed he often said that their companionship, and the inspiration which Edna's patient work and helpful planning gave, were worth more than all the ruined fortune.

At the end of two years the affairs of the assignment had all been closed up, and though his fortune was almost entirely gone, yet the claims had all been met, and Mr. Kennedy felt free again, as he had not for months before. He had already decided on the Pacific coast as offering the best advantages for a new beginning, and so they soon removed to the rapidly developing territory of Washington.

There are now few business men in Seattle who are more careful or more successful than Banker Kennedy, who has already been made cashier of one of the prosperous banks of that city. His hair is rather gray, and his face shows signs of having passed through a prolonged and severe struggle, but he has profited by it, and is far more happy than he was five years ago. He declares that he can never get along without the company and help of his favorite Edna, but there is a young business man in Minnesota who doubts that; and so it is probable that she will some day have to be given up to become a partner, as she is already the inspiration, of another firm.

G. H. M.

An Orphan of Nature.

Second Prize Story.

Mr. Egbert Rudolph was a cynic. As he paced to and fro the graveled walk of his garden, his hands thrust deep into his capacious pockets or folded nervously behind him, his features were not of one who is absorbed in thought, but rather of one who seems baffled in every attempt to pursue his will-o'-the-wisp-like fancies. His eyes, when you saw them, seemed determined to pierce the frown which disfigured an otherwise noble forehead, and too, his mustache had not taken those easy, upward lines of curves which mark the habitually happy man, but had been pulled downward in severe lines by its morose artist. Mr. Rudolph had a hobby, involved in the deepest of deep ethical topics. He thought there was a wide divergence in the child of civilization from the typical child of nature. Perhaps he only thought there *ought to be*, but yet, having once believed *this*, he was fully determined that he would devote his life-work to its revelation.

During his collegiate and higher education he had devoted himself so assiduously that he had undermined his constitution and had become a chronic invalid. A few weeks previous, his physician had unconditionally informed him that he must leave his old habits and associations, and seek life anew in the busy, bustling West. Of course the very fact that he *must* go only increased his belief that he ought to remain at home.

As the appointed date for his departure was rapidly approaching, his dissatisfaction and disgust increased. till he became as we have noticed him, an abject, but determined man. Whenever he reached the end of the walk he would turn on his heel with particular vehemence. as if he would have *something* feel his authority. even if it were only pebbles. As he walked there came whirling down the walk an old newspaper, and when directly in front of him, as if suddenly frightened, it changed its course abruptly, and was caught in the thorns of a low bramble-bush at his right.

This strange manoeuvre seemed to interest Mr. Rudolph, and he turned with a quizzical expression and gazed at it. As he gazed he read:

" A peculiar but amusing report was wired to this office by our western correspondent, to the effect that a remarkable spring had been reported by a hunting party, the waters of which produced a peculiar intoxication; drinking it one would feel all the gayeties of natural childhood." The rest of the remarkable message was not to be known, for it had, apparently, been torn off as for a bundle-covering.

Mr. Rudolph was now not only interested, but curious, and upon re-reading it he became mildly excited. The fact that seemed so absurd to ordinary people was the very one that piqued Rudolph; for, as we have seen, he was a cynic. Its location was not given; yet, thought he, " I am the very man to find it." And, too, it touched a very responsive chord in Egbert Rudolph when it mentioned " natural childhood." As he finally looked up from the paper, it was with a far different expression; and no wonder his physician and family were puzzled when he announced that he would leave for the West, and that too at once.

Ah, how mysterious! Here is the man that only a few moments before was doggedly resisting a plan which now he enthusiastically favors. Truly " There is a tide in the affairs of men."

. . . .

Across one of the arid plateaus of the Pacific States a solitary horseman was slowly, but not leisurely, wending his way; for his course was as true as a magnetic needle. His appearance would have caused no comment in any western town. Mounted on a small brown mustang, equipped with rifle, canteen, and field-glass, and other trappings which only a pioneer can know the use of, he rode stolidly forward; but something in him, his surroundings, was weird and strange; the sky so hazy produced but little contrast between the earth, parched and unenlivened by vegetation excepting the many varieties of cacti and the sage-bush. One would have scarcely recognized Egbert Rudolph in this stranger, unless by the determination which marked his carriage. Though the heat was so intense that the faithful pony moved as by mechanism, yet its owner was as rigid as a bronze figure, to which, indeed, in appearance he was not dissimilar, tanned as he was by long exposure.

Early in the afternoon there came soughing up from the southwest a single breeze, which, catching on the foliage of the sparse vegetation, dallied a moment, till succeeded by another, and still another, producing gentle pulsations, as if propelled by a distant engine. Exhilarated, he took off the broad-brimmed white hat, and rested it on the pommel. Rex, the pony, seemed to catch something of the exhilaration, for, with arched neck and head erect, he paced as if in unison with the breezy pulsations. The haziness deepened. The wind, too, suddenly increased, and Rudolph buttoned close his hunting-jacket, and more firmly seated himself in the saddle. The heat was no longer oppressive; for the temperature in a few moments had fallen rapidly, and was noticeable in the increased pace of the pony.

Passing over one of those innumerable crests or slight elevations which make up the rolling surface, afar off over the valley, just emerging over a parallel ridge, he noticed a line of white, advancing as a sheet of burnished steel. The sight was magnificent, and he watched its progress exultantly, as it swept steadily down the slope, and rose again to ascend the acclivity as a mighty host. On it came! nearer and nearer, till, seemingly for the first time, Rudolph realized that he was in the direct pathway; and instantly, with a determined thrust of the spurs, he sprang forward to meet the shock. It came. The faithful beast crouched beneath its fury, and Rudolph, drenched in an instant, urged it forward. His urging availed but little; for, after a few noble attempts in response, instinct overcame all training, and, wheeling about, the pony drifted with the storm. What had been thought to be only a sharp shower continued with unabated fury. To control and guide the pony was no longer attempted, and rein and destiny were given to Rex.

Darkness settled around them as they wandered on. Rudolph, drenched and benumbed, fell into a sleepy stupor, and realized nothing till by a peculiar sensation of relief as if awakened from a troubled dream. He groped about him, and realizing that he was sheltered from the storm, dropped beside his faithful horse in the same drowsiness.

Bright and glorious was the morning. The sun shone in tranquil splendor, warming the chilled and deluged earth. The sky was clear, and softly tinted in gold and blue, as if it had never been defaced by lowering storm-clouds. There are wonderful dramas in nature, fitted with exquisite scenery, arranged with consummate skill, produced with surpassing reality. Yesterday the storm-king in majestic silence ruled. To-day the fairest daughter of Dame Nature receives your homage.

When Egbert Rudolph awoke he was not unmindful of this truth, nor of that power which he had called Omnipotence. It was peculiar that these thoughts should have been the first to enter his mind, and they were not unwelcome. But all at once it occurred to him how queer it was to be so occupied that he had forgotten his situation. Yawning, he arose and examined his apartments. These he found to be a small niche or natural cavity in a wall or embankment, covered by a rude thatch-roof. He conclnded it had been a rude shop for some pioneer blacksmith; and as he made further investigation he noticed his peculiar bed, and how it accounted for his pleasant feelings of both mind and body. Unused, the place had favored great growths of moss, which by its absorbent nature and by the fineness of its texture had given him not only a soft sleeping-place, but had freed him from a disagreeable illness which would have resulted from his exposure. He led forth his horse and tethered it, and then turned to find out, if possible, his location.

After a hasty exploration, he found he was on a small table-land, half-way up a range of mountains or hills at his back, and before him it sloped gradually down to a gulch below. The place had some time been inhabited, for remnants of miners' shanties were here and there; a saloon and store was identified by a hingeless sign which had been nailed above the door; also remnants of machinery of a mining-camp — gears, shafting, and the like — were here and there. Having spent considerable time in exploring, he came to the conclusion it was one of those deserted mining-camps which are not infrequent in old mining districts. Probably at some time, excited by the "gold fever," they had settled there to mine their fortunes, he thought. Whether from disaster, or famine, or panic, he knew not; but it stood a grim and silent monument to some lost and unknown hope. Deep in reverie, almost in the same attitude as we saw him pace the garden weeks before, he slowly wandered through the deserted paths. Alone, miles from any human being, he walked as in a city of the dead.

Softly there came floating on the air the plaintive notes of some happy songster, and wavering a moment it died away. He, touched to his heart, stopped and listened. Again, louder, fuller than before, it burst forth. Enraptured, Rudolph followed the enchanting notes till he seemed to approach quite near their source. Again he stopped and listened; and this time, awed and speechless, he pinched himself to know if he were not dreaming. For surely these were notes of no feathered songster; yet *could* they be of the human voice? No bar or measure, but the happy outburst of a happy soul. Trembling, he waited for that mysterious music. Following closely in that direction, he approached till he was sure it was that very spot; he gazed around him, above him, and saw nothing. Baffled, he renewed his search more closely, and peering through the hedge, there — there, a few rods from him — he saw the object of his search. Seated beneath a rustic bower, through which the sunlight, softened, fell warmly, was a form, natural or divine he knew not, but of exquisite loveliness. The features were inexpressibly bright and happy, and long tresses of golden hair fell in ringlets over a form simply draped, as it were, in some light texture. The whole was a model for a true artist. When his awe and his surprise had been conquered, he ventured through a side entrance, and approached cautiously the spot. But ere this his presence had been noticed, and he only saw a retreating figure, which almost as quickly vanished from his sight.

More perplexed and uncertain than ever, he followed in the direction in which his vision had disappeared, and shortly, at an abrupt angle, he came upon a small, substantial house, to which he proceeded. But before he had reached it he was met by a woman of middle age, who sternly demanded the reason for his presence. He related his peculiar adventure — the storm, his walk, and how he had been led hither by a mysterious song; and he entreated her to explain, if she could, this marvellous vision he had seen. Reluctantly she led the return to the house, where she told the following bit of history.

It seems as if early in the emigratlon which resulted from the gold-fever, a colony left a certain manufacturing town in the East, bent on winning their fortune in the West; herself and husband, then a young minister, accompanying them to minister to their spiritual needs and necessities. They had settled in this spot, which had promised so much by its natural resources, and established quite a flourishing settlement. But, after two or three years of success, suddenly the rich mines were exhausted. What had been supposed unlimited now furnished not an ounce of metal to keep alive the little hamlet. After weeks of fruitless explorations for other veins of gold, it was decided that they must abandon at once, as the provisions, long ago carefully measured out, were nearly gone.

At this time her husband was taken violently ill with a western fever, and, as so little hopes of his recovery could be expected, she was urged to join the party, and leave Death with its own. She refused heroically; and without a thought of how she could ever reach civilization again if need be, she bade farewell to the departing colony, and turned to follow the teachings of her faith. Her husband had died, and a few weeks after this their little girl was born.

Now came the struggle for life in this secluded spot, with a narrow chance of ever reaching any friends. Here she had found, by the abundance of natural fruit and small game, that she could at least find sustenance. Above all, she felt in her heart that God had, in his mysterious providence, placed a soul of his in this place, apart from the temptations and follies of men, that it might grow in its beauty, meeting only Nature and God. So she had followed an inward teaching, and had labored to sustain, to instruct, to perfect this orphan of nature. It was now eleven years since she had seen a human face.

Rudolph listened to this sad story with a sympathetic yet happy mind. As soon as he had collected his senses he began to propose ways for their rescue and restoration. Even these were kindly declined, much to his surprise. She wished to fulfil the promise she had given.

But could he leave without beholding once again that form which was now so closely brought to him by his own adventure and by the curious history which he had heard? Deeper and more effectual than his curious desires was a vein of truth in his nature, which controlled a *hobby*. And it was triumphant when he said: "I will return from my wanderings, and leave this character undefiled by the sight and presence of man." Egbert Rudolph was a cynic, but he was right.

H. G. B.

Political Education.

President's Address.

In the early days of the Republic, when the causes for its establishment were well known to every one, it was not so difficult to be a good citizen as it is to-day. Progress in every line shows this. Just imagine those sturdy men of old living in our generation and the whole thing is plainly seen. Not but what they could be perfectly good citizens with all their powers as they wielded them, but that a tremendous increase in them would be necessary to cope with the thousand-and-one problems of to-day. For in the course of over one hundred years these problems have assumed gigantic proportions, and are only to be met with like efforts.

The home has always been the unit of the state in republican institutions, and it is a general truth that in the proportion that the homes of a community are corrupt, in the same proportion the government of that community is corrupt. Therefore, the safety of the home is of prime importance.

The greatest pride of many families is their ability to trace their genealogy back for hundreds of years. In such cases birth undoubtedly transmits many characteristics which have been developed back many years. The men and women born into such families readily see the great importance of perpetuating their kin, and so the safeguards become hereditary. Thus a personal character is developed which is in accord not only with the times, but also with the father's. Even in the short history of our own country examples of a dominating character have been shown to exert the greatest possible influence upon the country for truth. This personal character is largely due to what is called home training.

A slight mention has already been made as to the relation exist-ing between the nation and the home in regard to the latter being a source of strength to the former. Perhaps the mere mention of one or two instances will tend to fix the importance of this. The history of the Roman Empire as it relates to this point is too well known to bear repetition. Yet to say that the introduction of luxury and ease into the Roman household was a very large factor in its ultimate downfall is not amiss. On the other hand, a marked instance is shown in the struggle of the Scots in their attempted secession from England. Do we not see through all the terrible scenes of civil strife in which Bruce and Wallace played so important a part that the safety of the home was of great importance in gaining the freedom of the state? And so in these United States it happens. Though the nation is of the greatest import, yet, whenever the sanctity of the home is attacked, then from Maine to California arise the righteous protests of honest citizens.

We now come to a nearer application of our subject. The means for protecting the interests of the home in ancient times are not to be compared with the right of suffrage exercised in America, where one of the surest means for protection is the ballot. Therefore, the education that leads up to the proper use of this right concerns every young man. Thus what has just been read, showing the great importance of the home to the state, leads properly to the main subject, "What a political education should be."

Political education is that branch of a person's training which teaches him to become a good citizen. It does not include merely a knowledge of politics, as is apt to be thought at the present time, but also a knowledge of right and wrong, and of principle.

A man who has been successful in business or in professional life wishes his son to enjoy his success. To this end everything is done for him that a father can do. The father's business, his college, his struggles are all placed before the young man. In many cases the son becomes prejudiced to all mercantile pursuits, to all other colleges, and hopes his father's cares and trials will not be his.

So with politics. The father has always been a Democrat. The Democratic ticket has always been his ballot. He comes home in the evening and speaks the praises of his party's candidates. The son, if he has any interest at all in politics, soon becomes a political convert to his father's party. So a young man not yet old enough to vote attaches himself to a party which in most cases he does not desert even when he becomes of age. This is the way in which the younger generation becomes, for the most part, Republicans and Democrats.

On the other hand, we are very apt not to weigh carefully the principles and morals of the party to which we attach ourselves. When our elders say, " Well, this or that is a good principle, but ..... it will never do in this country," we too often hold the same opinion. So vice, immorality, and drunkenness will exist until the principle of morality is made an issue of politics. Then, too, in many families there is an utter lack of interest in public questions. The head of the family is so absorbed in his daily cares that he hardly has time to eat and sleep. In such a home a son forms his opinions from newspapers and his comrades. If among his fellows who are Republicans, of course, he is a Republican, and *vice versa.*

The question is, therefore, " How shall young men be educated in order that they may become good, honest, and useful citizens? It has been seen, then, that in most cases the young generation of voters is educated into a party through tradition, and not through an honest and sincere search for the facts and principles as they exist.

Now, the important factors in shaping a young person's life should be the home and the school. In the sacred privacy of the home the first seeds of the difference between right and wrong should be sown, as, indeed, they are in every Christian home. Let the firm conviction be that the right way is the only honest way in which an honest man can work. Let this conviction guide him in everything he does, and in after life he will do what is right for his country, and not be indifferent to the momentous questions which have a moral side to them.

In the school and college let sound doctrines of civil government, political economy, and history be taught. A good knowledge of these subjects, joined to a home-training, will settle the principle of good government. Then let this principle be applied to the questions of the day, and a young man so educated will go forth into life prepared to perform his share of the work for the Republic which God has allotted him to do.

These few facts only serve to increase the zeal which the younger generation should show in the coming years. Hard it seems to think that the time is swiftly drawing nigh when the brilliant men who in the past fifty years have guided our nation through many a crisis shall soon lay down their life's work and give over to a different generation the sacred trust of the country's welfare. That this trust is burdensome ought not to prevent any young man from obtaining an education that will help him to live as patriotic a life as those who have preceded him. Over and over again it has been stated that the best possible way to accomplish this is by having every young man conversant with the nation's needs. That this, too, can only be obtained by a political education has been one purpose of this address.

And so, though the talents and personal characteristics of mankind be fashioned at home and by study, yet the character must show itself in the busy hum of life. As Goethe says: "Talent forms itself in solitude; character, in the stream of life."

The Rest of a Herder.

Second Prize Poem.

Once more the tomb
Lets out a lab'rer from scarcity, gloom
Of toilsome days, and nights by care oppressed,
Into the stillness of eternal rest.
God chose again a herder from his flock,
For folds secure beyond the tempest's shock,
The ills of earth, its troubles and alarms,
To nestle closely in the Shepherd's arms;
And joy and faith smile, though grieving spirits sigh,
And hope dawns with the glow of by-and-bye,
Yet dearth draws nigh.

His life was true,
His soul was pure in all he tried to do,
A pure and earnest, brave and noble heart,
Which willingly and bravely bore its part
Of wonted ills, of trials day by day,
With faith in Him to lead him on the way.
So word and labor in this memory blend
A tribute and remembrance for his friends,
Who learned from one so hardy, born to strife,
The most grand lessons for the most broad life.
In that noble sphere — his for endless years —
There are no tears.

In home of light,
With angels and with saints he does unite.
No more the toilsome days oppress his soul:
No more despondent hours exact their toll
Of patience tried, of great o'er-loaded trust.
Of thankless cares, or fond hopes gone to dust.
Their truthful rest is sweet who rested here:
Their rest unmarred, their daybreak glad and clear.
So leave we him mid happy deeds to dwell,
Who earned them well.

Yes, he is dead!
And now he lies low in his sandy bed,
And with him dies home's light, its joy and peace;
But never shall the longings for him cease.
Now does my bleeding heart flow through my eyes
In streams of tears wrung by grief's sad surprise.
Oh, dead, did I say? Ah, he lives above
In purity, where all is God and love;
He lives in Christlike deeds he wrought, in friends,
In peace, in prayer, which to high heaven ascends;
He lives in words of charity, in joy, —
Farewell, brave boy! MEMENTO MORI.

The Burden of Ninety-one.

CHAPTER I.

Now it came to pass, in the nineteenth year of the reign of Banty, the son of Bantam, in the fifth month, on the sixteenth day of the month, that a band of old men, from the place called Phillips, which is in the town of Andover, gathered themselves together and took counsel, saying: Go to, let us arise and make a journey, as did our fathers, into a far country, and let us there make merry, and spend our substance in riotous living.

And the saying pleased the hearts of the old men, and when they had thought thereon, behold, a certain Robbie, the son of Wilkins, a mighty man of stature, measuring even six cubits and three spans in height, girded up his loins and said: Come let us not journey, as did our fathers, unto a certain low city; but let us go to the place called Lawrence, for behold the city is great, and goodly to look upon, and for three shekels can we journey thereunto.

And this speech pleased the old men, for they said, According unto your words so be it; and Robbie waxed mighty in their eyes.

CHAPTER II.

Now when Banty, ruler over the land, heard what the old men purposed in their hearts, he gathered all the people together, and spake unto them, saying: Now hearken, ye middle men, unto the words which I command you, and follow not after the sins of your fathers. For they, when the Elders did journey unto the city of Lowell, did rise up during the night and fall upon the camp of the old men, and despoiled them of their goods.

And the sin was grievous in my sight, and in the sight of the prophets with me, and we gathered ourselves together, and smote those middle men; yea, even roasting some with works of fire.

Therefore verily, verily I say unto you, To him that stacketh, to him it shall be given to bear the name of Dummer. Your fathers we did chastise with fire; but ye shall be thrust forth into the outer darkness. And a new commandment give I unto you, that ye plug without ceasing, and let the Seniors R. I. P.

CHAPTER III.

Now when all things were prepared there came up with the Elders a certain mixed multitude, which grievously troubled the hearts of the old men, so that they were sore afraid.

For they made unto themselves balls of snow, and fell upon the old men, and discomfited them, particularly a certain Joe, the son of Pow Wow.

And the old men fled, every one to his own sleigh. And they called the name of the place Exeter, for they said: This day are we in the soup.

Howbeit, as they journeyed forth, there stood up a certain Tripper, who was king over the Elders, and spake unto them, saying: Let not your hearts be troubled on account of this thing which has befallen you, but let us arise and make merry.

And Tripper wrought many wondrous works among them, for he took of divers weeds, and laid his hands upon them, and they became as a flaming sword, and his nostrils as a fiery furnace.

And the people murmured and said: Let us do likewise; and there was much smoke in the land, grievous to be borne; for many had the weeds of a certain Ethiopian.

CHAPTER IV.

But when even was come they drew nigh the town called Bradford, where, on a certain high place, there lived many maidens fair to look upon.

And the old men did ascend up into the high place, and stood near the abode of the maidens, and lifted up their voices with a mighty shout; nevertheless, they saw no one. And they shouted again, and yet a third time, howbeit they prevailed not.

But after a long time there came two maidens to a window, and said, Catch ye this ; and when some of the Elders had caught that which the maidens threw down unto them, behold it was nought but snow.

And their wrath was kindled against that place, and they departed, and journeyed unto the town of Haverhill, which is over against Bradford as thou goest toward the north ; and there they rested from their labors, for it was about the seventh hour.

Now there was in that place a fountain, which for five pence a a priest would come and trouble, and cause it to bring forth soda, sweet to the taste.

And the old men did guy the priest, and he became hot with anger, and caused the fountain to give forth hot chocolate, and the old men drank thereof and were filled. And the priest took up threescore and ten pennies.

And the old men did observe the signs of the times which were in that place ; howbeit they laid not their hands upon them, for they feared the people.

CHAPTER V.

Now it came to pass, after a long time, that the Elders journeyed towards the south, and about the eighth hour drew nigh the town of Lawrence, and at the house which is called Franklin they rested from their labors.

And Tripper, the king, sought out a certain Sandy man, a cunning player on stringed instruments, and he did play before the old men and they did dance, until the governors of the feast, sent by Banty, did arrive.

Now the feast was of this sort : There was soup after its kind, and fowl of the air, and fish of the sea, and divers kinds of meats ; also a thing called Punch, goodly to the taste, and fruits gathered from the four corners of the earth.

CHAPTER VI.

Now there was a certain one among them who had let the hairs upon his face grow, even to a great length, and the Elders did mock and laugh him to scorn. Howbeit they moved him not, for the hairs were as gold in his sight.

And when they had supped, as their custom was, many rose up and spoke.

And Tripper, the king, told of the pleasures of P. S., which, being interpreted, means photograph selling. And a certain Swift Plugging Whiteman from the land of Nod lifted up his voice for song. And the cries of the Pet Baby were heard throughout the land.

Now about the twelfth hour the governors of the feast departed, and the joy of the old men waxed greater. Howbeit, there was nought but water in the place, and the light became as darkness before the faces of the old men, and their hearts were troubled within them.

Then there came a certain man-servant and stood in their midst, and lifted up his voice and said, Let not your hearts be troubled, for I have heard your prayer. Behold, there is only water in this place, according to the law of the prophets; nevertheless, ye shall drink Rheims if ye will keep Mumm.

And the man-servant winked with the eye, and they touched the palm of his hand with a silver coin, and the water became wine. And the old men hastened and drank thereof, and their joy became full.

And about the second hour, lo! two moons appeared in the sky; and the old men marvelled greatly, and went every one to his own sleigh.

And here endeth the word of the Prophet. SELAH.

W. deF. T.

* * *

A Geographical Discovery.

Third Prize Story.

A few years ago I was stationed at Fort Owen, a fort in Western Montana which was situated in the midst of a rolling plain at the source of the Bitter Root river. Near by were the mountains and cañons of the Bitter Root range, and, at a greater distance, the head-waters of the Missouri.

While I was at the fort a girl came from the East to spend the summer with her uncle, who was in command of the post. Miss Thurber was a pretty New York girl, brimming over with animal spirits, perfectly fearless, and ready for anything, from dancing all night at one of the regimental hops to an all-day trip in the saddle on some wild ride up the cañon near the post. She had a lively little mustang on which she scoured the country, like a true army-girl. Graceful in the saddle, it was a pretty sight to see her riding about, dressed in her close-fitting habit of army blue.

One day in September, while we were camping in a cañon about thirty miles from the fort, she proposed a long ride after mountain sheep, which were at that time very scarce and timid. The next day was perfect, with a clear sky and a cool breeze, and we left the camp at about nine o'clock. Our horses were fresh and full of life, and we covered a great deal of ground before we knew it; for in riding through the great cañon we were too much interested in the scenery and in watching for our game to think of time and distance.

About one o'clock we came to a bend in the cañon, and on rounding it we saw, barring our way up the cañon, the spur of a great snow-capped mountain, which rose to an enormous height directly above our heads. The spur was covered with a close growth of trees, and in front was a marsh reaching from one side of the cañon to the other. We forgot how far we were from the camp, and when Miss Thurber suggested a climb up the spur I agreed, although the horses seemed hardly up to it.

After a stiff climb over rocks, fallen logs, and the almost impassable tangle of underbrush, through which the horses struggled and plunged, we reached the top of the spur, and stood, tattered and out of breath, on a little ridge of rock just at the edge of the slope. Beyond us rose the great mountain with its snowy peak, reflecting with dazzling brilliancy the rays of the afternoon sun. The cold, gray cliffs were piled upon each other with perfect regularity, like the walls of some great cathedral whose rising pillars are crowned by the great spire.

As our eyes followed down the sharp lines, the tints grew warmer, trees appeared, and at last, almost at our horses feet, we saw a tiny lake. It lay a hundred feet below us, still as glass. Upon its surface was reflected the towering mountain. Around the edge was a border of fresh green, making a perfect frame for the perfect picture. We stood for a moment spell-bound by its beauty, and then, dismounting, together ran down the sloping bank to the shore.

As we stood there a new thought struck us, and we looked for traces of former visitors. There were none, and we realized that probably we were the only human beings who had ever seen the beauty of this picture which for so long had been hidden. Miss Thurber asked me for my note-book, and began a little sketch of the lake and mountain. When it was finished and we rose to go it was after four — much later than I liked, as the ride to the camp was long and hard. We hurried down the spur, and when we came to the marsh took the way on the left side instead of the right. This mistake, small as it seemed, nearly cost us our lives.

While riding we found that the bog, which was solid on the other side, was here only a crust, which might give way at any step. At last my horse put one leg through, and on pulling it out fell. He was apparently unhurt, and went on, but after a time he began to limp, and grew worse and worse, until I had almost decided to give up and camp for the night. Just then I saw the light of a fire, and telling Miss Thurber that the camp was just ahead, I started at a faster pace, and soon discovered my mistake. Instead of our camp, it was that of a band of Ute Indians.

Quickly telling Miss Thurber to keep out of sight, and wait for me in the darkness on the other side of the fire-light, I rode up to the camp. Some of the braves were sharpening their knives, others, wrapped in their red blankets, were seated in close council, while by herself the only squaw in the party, a wrinkled hag, sat chanting in a blood-curdling monotone some song of war and bloodshed. The dark, towering wall behind, and the flickering fire, which imperfectly lighted the hard, stern faces and red blankets of the warriors, increased the effect of a scene, striking enough in broad day.

The Indians looked up at me with fierce, scowling faces, as if to ask what brought me there to break in upon their council. I asked the chief to sell me a horse or exchange; but he said that there were none for sale. The grim smile which passed over his face as he saw my horse's condition was anything but reassuring. This refusal and a whispered conversation which I overheard decided me to push on as fast as possible.

Leaving the circle of light, I joined Miss Thurber, and we hurried on, hoping that the horses could bear the strain. At last we had to stop. My horse could go no farther ; he stumbled at every step. Our condition was now as bad as could be. Luckily Miss Thurber did not lose her courage, although, with a doubtful band of Indians behind, who might follow at any time, a lame horse, and no apparent way of escape, our position was hardly cheerful. We could do nothing, however, and decided to camp, hoping that my horse would be able to go on in the morning.

The cañon was here covered with grass, and after caring for my horse's knee and tethering the other, I joined Miss Thurber, and, not daring to light a fire, we ate the remnants of our lunch in silence. I told Miss Thurber to sleep, as we must start early in the morning and she would need her strength. I did not know what we should start for ; but to stay where we were was out of the question. I waited for a short time, and when I saw that she was asleep covered her with one of the saddle-blankets, and then sat down to my lonely watch. The night was clear and cool ; the moon, full and bright, protected us from surprise. The quiet of the cañon was absolute. The wood sounds above and the stir of the breeze in the pine-trees seemed only to deepen the silence.

Suddenly, as I looked idly before me, there flashed into sight, from distant peaks, a beacon-fire, then another, and another still, far to the right. I had seen some active service, and knew what they meant. The Indians whom we had overtaken were a war-party, and the advance-guard of a general uprising. When they should go through this cañon on their way to the plains was only a question of time. My responsibility for Miss Thurber's safety, the thought of an Indian captivity for us both, and the danger to the campers we had left in the morning rushed through my mind as I sat alone in the moonlight. What could I do? I could not leave Miss Thurber behind. She could not go forward alone; for, although a perfect rider, she did not know how to go through a country full of hostile Indians. And so all night long I watched, listening for the horses of the Indians.

At last the dawn came. I glanced at Miss Thurber. She was sleeping quietly; but as I looked at her she woke with a slight start, and asked me if the horse could go on. Together we decided that I should lead my horse, and that we should make the attempt, at least.

After we had done a mile or two in this way, I heard the sound of horses, and as we went on I told her of the uprising, and that in a few moments we should either be safe or fighting for life. She turned rather pale, but only said: "I thought myself that that council did not look well." The sound of hoofs grew louder. I loosened my revolver in my belt, told Miss Thurber to hide in the underbrush, threw the side-saddle behind a tree, and, mounting her horse, made the other look as much like a led horse as possible, in the wild hope that in the dark the braves had not noticed Miss Thurber when she skirted the edge of the Indian camp. What an average right-minded Indian might be disposed to think, on meeting a young cavalry officer in the depths of an almost unknown cañon, with a led horse, and a lame one at that, must be left to the imagination. It was the only thing I could think of to do, and I did it. The suspense was fearful. The sound of the hoof-beats was echoed and re-echoed by the rocky walls until, as they came nearer, an army seemed to be coming from every side.

At last the first of the riders swung around the great rock which shut us off from the lower cañon, and, to our inexpressible relief, we saw in them a party from the camp, with my own troop from Fort Owen. We were safe; and when we asked after the rest of the campers they said that they were all right, and only anxious on our account. The beacons had been seen from the fort, and the Colonel had immediately sent Troop B to bring back our party. The soldiers found the campers just setting out to look us up, and joining them, they had ridden down the cañon until they found us.

Miss Thurber went back to the fort with a small detachment, and I, getting a fresh horse, led the way toward the Indian camp. When we reached the place where we had spent the night we surprised the Indians, and immediately charged them. After a sharp skirmish we routed them, and, as we were on scouting duty only, returned immediately to the fort. We learned afterwards, from a prisoner, that they were about to move up the cañon, presumably after us, when the charge came.

Our adventure was over; but if I ever should forget that long night in the cañon, I have in my note-book, to remind me, the sketch which my wife made on the day that we discovered Lake Marion and Castle Jack. S. J.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

ALMOST every one looks forward with pleasure to the close of the term, and this is especially true in the winter term, when steady attention to our studies and the uninviting appearance of outdoor life have combined keep us confined to our rooms. And, indeed, we seem to have been fated in this respect during the past term: skating has become almost a lost art among us; coasting, in spite of the abundance of snow, has fallen into general disuse, and even the last resort, walking, has often been made almost a torture by the condition of the ground. The work of the school, however, has moved on smoothly and steadily, and although the term has been marked by no important changes, we feel that it should be remembered as one of advance and improvement on all sides. But the pleasantest part of the school year is before us, and we unite with our readers in looking forward to a term of profit and enjoyment.

Our frontispeice has been designed to cast a ray of humor upon our usually grave and dignified Faculty, and while we beg to thank them for the liberty we have taken in presenting them, we would also ask our readers to let it be a reflection of the pleasanter side of our school life.

In considering the work of the Philomathean Society for this term, we would extend our congratulations to President Powell for the success that has attended him and the society. There have been some marked improvements in the way in which the meetings have been conducted, and among the most important of these have been the increased attention to parliamentary law, and the greater dignity noticeable in the exercises before debate, especially the critiques. These are good signs, and we hope to see them continue. There is still room for improvement, however, and we believe that the work of this term has paved the way for it. There seems to be difficulty in finding new and interesting subjects for debate, but we think that the questions which have proved most fruitful in former years would bear discussing again. There has been great improvement in the matter of excuses, and the attendance has generally been good. It is in this that Philo suffers most in the spring term, and we would urge upon the members the importance of keeping it up, not only for the society but for themselves as well. We take the liberty of expressing the thanks of the society to the retiring officers, and its best wishes for the work to their successors.

The Society of Inquiry this term has continued its meetings as usual, which have by no means been devoid of profit to those attending. Two delegates were sent to the convention at Williamstown, where they were most hospitably entertained, and whence they returned feeling well repaid for their visit. We only wish that the work here could be still more closely united with similar work about us. It is with increasing regret that we notice the lack of interest taken in the meetings on the part of some of the members. Although Inquiry under its present constitution is not equipped for the position it holds, still as long as it holds that position it should receive the hearty support of every member. And we believe that it will receive that support, for we could ill afford to let the society lose any part of its influence for good.

The Y. M. C. A. has succeeded in maintaining its high standard and powerful influence during the weeks that have passed, and closes the term with a satisfactory record of work well done. An unusual amount of Christian fellowship has been shown, and the work of developing men for positions of influence and usefulness has been quietly but surely going on. The need of more willing support from the school at large is felt, however, and we hope that this will be given, while it seems best for the Association to continue. Afterwards, when all efforts can be united under the direction of Inquiry, we are sure that far greater good will be done here than under the present system.

Our competition this term was unusually large, and consequently our judges, Prof. Graves, Mr. Pettee, and Mr. Adams, had an unusually difficult task to perform. We appreciate their favor, and desire to express our thanks to them. The award of prizes was as follows:

Stories: First, A Valuable Assistant, G. H. McClellan; second, An Orphan of Nature, H. G. Brown; third, A Geographical Discovery, R. Wilkinson.

Poems: First, The Vocal Memnom, A. T. Robinson; second, The Rest of a Herder, J. W. Lewis.

Cuts: First, Heading for Banjo Club, W. E. Fisher; second, Heading for Grinds, A. H. Grant; third, A Saturday Afternoon at the Gym., G. G. Greene.

Best collection of grinds, Geo. H. Nettleton.

We are also indebted to Mr. W. deF. Thomson for "The Burden of '91," and for his valuable assistance to us in our work. Also to Mr. S. M. Allen for his cut, "A Hard Hand to Beat"; and to Messrs. Mack, Greene, and Vaille for cuts. For grinds we wish to thank Messrs. Mack, Richmond, Porter, O. M. Clark, McDonald, Woodman, Belknap, Ryder, Hyde, Johnson, Johnstone, Foster, Darling, and de Forest.

The Phillipian during the past term, although the hardest part of the year for a school paper, has maintained its usual standard; and we can continue, with pardonable pride, to compare it with the best school and college publications about us. Early in the term a a vacancy was caused in the board by the resignation of Mr. Taylor as editor-in-chief, after more than a term of faithful service in that capacity. Although Mr. Taylor was greatly missed, still, the paper did not suffer seriously by the change, but continued smoothly under Mr. McLaren, who took up the duties of editor-in-chief with an ease which shows that for every emergency there is generally a competent man to be found. We regret that '93 has not secured a larger representation on the board, and hope she will do so at once. College items have been well reported, and we have been glad to note the frequent letters from our alumni.

The Reading-room Committee did their work so well in the fall that there is nothing of importance for us to note just now. If we were to criticise the management of the room, we should mention the fact that the papers are not well cared for as a rule, and consequently are often removed by their owners before the next issues have arrived. A new bench, some chairs, and a board walk are needed to make the present quarters complete; but the great need of the Committee is an entirely new building. But for the present we should make the most of what we have.

We look back with pleasure to quite a number of entertainments during the term. The Philomathean Society is to be congratulated on having secured so distinguished a speaker as Stepniak, and the experiment was very successful. The Kirmess, at which the Glee and Banjo Clubs appeared, was also one of the most enjoyable events of the winter. We have been favored in the musical line, what with Miss Slade's recital, the concert by the Crystal Quartette and Banjo Club, and the Aus der Ohe recital — for which lattter much credit is due to Prof. Downs.

The officers of the Athletic Association are to be congratulated on the way they conducted the tournament. The accommodations for the spectators were a great improvement over those of last year. The programme included the additional events of standing high jump and heavy weight boxing. Through the kindness of Mr. Adams, who has acted as instructor, the fencing was a special success. Two records were broken — the fence vault by Woodruff, by $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches; the running high and standing high jump by Sheldon, by $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch respectively. Messrs. Pettee, Adams, and Ranney of the Theological Seminary acted as judges. '92 won 50 points;' 91, 28; '94, 18; and '93, 10 points.

ORDER OF EVENTS.

Heavy Weight Sparring, E. S. Auchincloss, jr., '91.
Middle Weight Sparring, A. Foster, '92.
Light Weight Sparring, W. J. Lapham, '93.
Heavy Weight Wrestling, W. B. Hopkins, '94.
Middle Weight Wrestling, O. M. Clark, '94.
Light Weight Wrestling, T. R. Temple, '94.
First Class Fencing, H. Wilcox, '93.
Second Class Fencing, H. S. Johnstone, '92.
Club Swinging, F. A. Hinkey, '91.
Rope Climbing, F. A. Hinkey, '91.
Fence Vault, C. H. Woodruff, '92, 6 ft. $10\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Putting the Shot (16 lbs.), C. A. Perkins, '92, 31 ft. 9 in.
Running High Jump, L. Sheldon, '92, 5 ft. 7 in.
Parallel Bars, F. A. Hinkey, '91.
High Kick, E. V. Cox, '91, 9 ft.
Standing High Jump, L. Sheldon, '92, 4 ft. 9 in.
Horizontal Bar, Gilmour, '92.

This term has witnessed the organization of the Natural History Society, which is now well under way, with a bright future before it. Something of the kind has long been needed here, and we wish the new society all success.

The event which every fellow looks forward to, if he intends to complete his course here, is the Senior Supper; and the one this year was fully up to the expectations of every one. All preparations had been well made, and there was nothing lacking to make the night one to be pleasantly remembered.

We present photogravures of the Glee and Banjo Clubs, which we hope will be satisfactory to the school. We regret that the annual concert comes too late for us to make note of it here, but we have no doubt but that it will be fully as enjoyable, as in previous years, if not more so.

We have met with numerous disappointments in our work; but we have done our level best to keep up the old standard of the Mirror. Thanking the society for the honor they have conferred upon us, we give the volume over to the school, with the hope that no one will be disappointed.

A Catalogue.

ON a Bliss(ful) Day, as the first sun Beam struck on Sheldon Heights (six feet, four inches), a Strong Mann, with his Page and Porter, passed through Williams-town, from Wentz he proceeded to Johnson Moore, and there took the Sleeper for Fem. Wood. After he had Eaton some Rice and Gravey, which ought to have been Salter, with a Ladd, and Dunn all he could to Wright himself, he took a Knapp. A Woodman and a Miller fighting woke him with their Noyes, so Foster(ing) his Zeal to Hunt he made Haste to get his Geer, a White Hood and Rustin(g) gun, tipped the Moody Clark, and being no Walker, but quite a Ryder, he went to the Barnes, hired a Colt, and started. First he took the upper road over Hill(y) Bald-ridge, by the green Hedges, through the Brown Gates into de Forest, and by Can-field on to the Lowe road, which led through the Vail by the Stone Mills, near Craw-ford, to Ely Lake, where a Beard(ed) Smith ferryed him across. As he looked at the water it gave him the Chivers, for he saw on his Lee a King-Fisher, and, Smoker! the reflection of an Eagle. He Weil(ed) and fired, but he could not hit the Fisher's Hyde, and the Eagle gave him Fitts. Just as he thought he would Neale, to Grant his Ames more freedom, they ran the boat against a Stone and Stover in. No Carpenter with Gymlet made his Coffin. No Flag waved o'er him. No Gardner dug his grave. A. J. W.

The Phillips Alphabet.

A stands for Adams, who has a fine walk;
B stands for Barnes, who is such a gawk;
C stands for "Crazy," Conant is his name;
D stands for Davis of poetical fame.
E stands for Eagle, but some call him "Smoke";
F stands for Fisher, a sleepy old poke;
G stands for Greene, who is nowise a fool;
H stands for Hildreth, the "Freak" of the school.
I stands for "Ikey," so suspecting and sly;
J stands for Jennings, the great "Mucker High";
K stands for King, a photographing freak;
L stands for Lime, who scarcely does speak.
M stands for Mitchel T. Willie, a boy (?);
N stands for Neale, who is Nettleton's toy;
O stands for Osborne, a studious man;
P stands for Phinney, who loves the can-can.
Q stands for Quarrier, a blue-blood by birth;
R stands for Rustin, a man of great worth;
S stands for Skinner, Salter, Stone, Strong;
T stands for Tyler, who never does wrong.
U stands for Upham, the name of a Ladd;
V stands for Vaill, so fat and so sad;
W stands for Wilder, who is such a bore;
X stands for Xavier, of him now no more;
Y stands for Yardley, who comes in just here;
Z stands for Zieprecht, who brings up the rear.

GRINDS.

"Ever absent, ever near:
Still I see thee, still I hear;
Yet I cannot reach thee, dear."

The Fem. Sem.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Porter, P.A. '92.

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanities, saith" — *H. L. W. Snell.*

"A horse is a vain thing for safety." *Middlers.*

"His faithful dog salutes the passer by." *Holt*, '93.

"To err is human." *Brayton*, '92.

"And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious (?) light." *Blunt House.*

"I pause for a reply." *Moré at Philo.*

The eighth wonder of the world — a rush in Greek by
J. H. Smith.

"Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self."
A Certain Fem. Sem.

"The soul of this man is his clothes." *N. L. Barnes.*

"Cui plurima mento
Canities inculta jacet" *Condit,* '91.

"Among men, but not of them." *Pomeroy.*

At the Kirmess. — "Please do n't introduce me as a Prep."
Barlow.

"I 'm wicked, I'm bad,
A detestable lad,
But I hope to be worse by-and-by."
Haldeman.

"I never heard of it; it can't be worth knowing."
Porter, P.A. '92.

Like unto a telegraph pole. *Sheldon.*

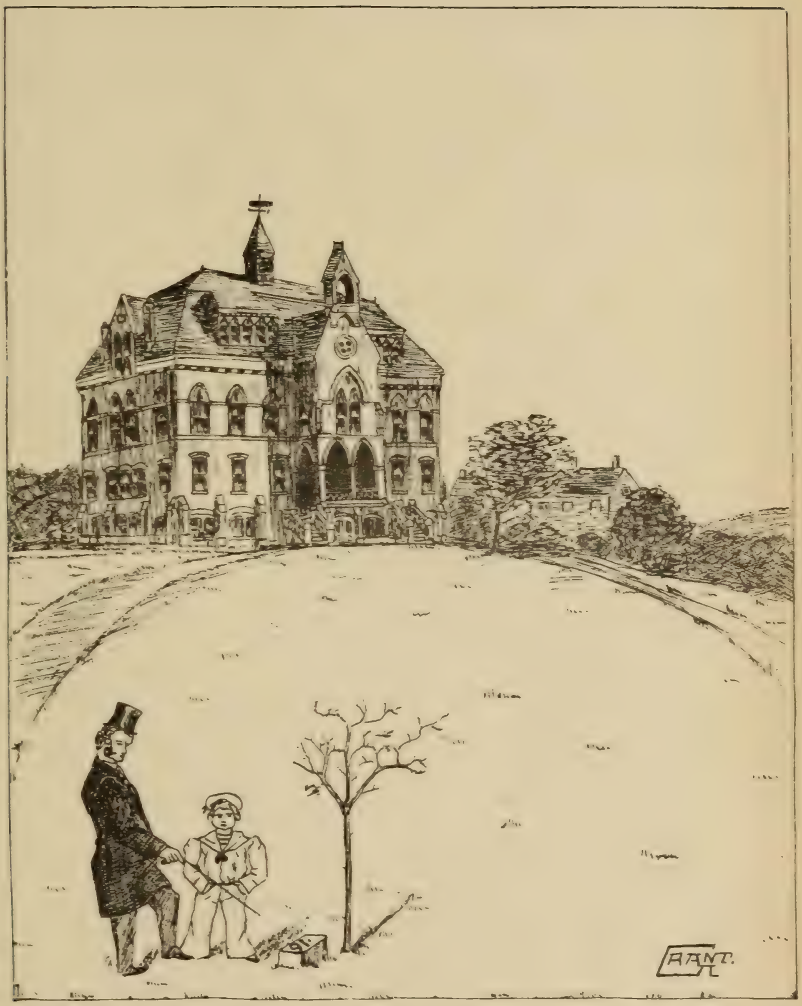
"That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman."
Birnie.

"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy." *Line,* '92.

"Thy best of rest is sleep." *Fisher,* '92.

"The fashion wears out more apparel than the man."
Birnie.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly.
Wentz, '93.



ROLLO.—Father, who is buried here?

FATHER.—No one, my son. This is to commemorate the class of Ninety-one; they knew they would never be heard of otherwise.

"Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet,
To spin your wordy fabric in the street."
C. Menzies Miller, '93.

"Sez the world 'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!"
Yardley.

"The young man has reached the age when his face is covered with a fine down, and he does n't know whether it is going to be hair or feathers." *Snell, P.A.* '91.

"To cards and dice, from even till morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight."
J. E. Bailey. P.S. '93.

You can hear the creaking of the grammatical machine in him grinding out words." *Matthews, P.A.* '94.

"It is a thing most precious." *Hooker's Moustache.*

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me."
The Mirror Grinders.

A man-killer. *Cox, P.S.* '91, *with banjo.*

The man with the "voice." *Woolsey, P.A.* '94

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything. *Hinkey*, '91.

Upon what meat doth this, our Caesar, feed? *Sheldon.*

'Tis a villian, sir, I do not like to look upon. *Ware.*

Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit. *Davis*, '93.

Who says 'twas? He lies.
I say 'twas not. *H. W. Thayer*, '91.

The long and short of it. *Sheldon and Baby Holt.*

He's not a Pharisee. His heart is cleaner than his body.
Shaw, '92.

Wanted: A safety valve for Dialect Taylor.
The boys in this house are not of *my* taste or caliber.
Woodman, '92.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,

Their sober wishes never learned to stray.
First House Latin Commons.

For it's English, you know,
Quite English, you know. *Hildreth.*

Replete in oriental verdancy. *The Green Bros.*

This is a weightier business than I had dreamed.
Powell as President of Philo.

Philo's arch objector and walking manual of legislative procedure.
L. H. Porter.

O that we might but see their shadows as we pass!
Fellows who called to see the Fem. Sems.' (clock).

Monarch of all he surveys. *"Tripper" in school meeting.*

Two of a kind. *Whitfield and Skinner.*

"If you will jest with me, know my aspect, and fashion your demeanor to my looks." *McGeorge*, '94.

"One whom the music of his own vain tongue doth ravish like enchanting harmony. *Hildreth*, '92.

"By my soul, a swain! A most simple clown!" *Swain*, '94.

"No, Exeter, *these* graces challenge grace." *Base-Ball Nine.*

One of Missouri's fairest flowers. *Emery*, '94.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." *Belknap*, '94.

A fraud indeed I am, for no mortal man could ever be one half as wise as I seem to be. *H. B. Foster*, '92.

"'Tis trifles such as these
That make a happy life." *The Preps.*

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." *Hildreth.*

"Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."
Division A, '92, *certain mornings.*

"A poem, round and perfect as a star." *Adams*, '90.

"He had a face like a benediction." *Sornborger.*

"My heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases, but enduring as marble to retain. *N. L. Barnes.*

"We took sweet counsel together." *Faculty on Friday night.*

"He putteth down one, and setteth up another."
Commy with the Preps.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."
Middlers Sleigh Ride.

"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we flunk."
Senior dinner

When I was a little boy
My beard was very thin;
But now I am a big boy,
With whiskers on my chin. *L. W. Smith.*

A lamb's gentle bleat. *Coffin, when he tries to sing.*

"These quips and sentences and paper billets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humor." *Grind.*

A solemn youth, with sober phiz. *Porter, '93.*

A Bartlett pair. *F. H. and G. G.*

There were three bold fellows who bet
Ten dollars apiece that they'd let
Their chin whiskers grow,
Whether 't looked well or no —
These very bold fellows who bet. *Condit & Co.*

I am not in the roll of ordinary men. *Woodman.*

Two lovely berries, moulded on one stem. *Porter Bros.*

And like a shoe-brush half worn out
Was the wool upon his head. *Madocs.*

A walking contest between Adams, '91, and Skinner, '93, is suggested for the Spring Tournament.

You'd scarce expect one of my looks
To be well versed in classic books;
For I am rather, by my eye,
A blueblood of the deepest dye. *Quarrier.*

A firm believer in Darwinism. *Wells, '92.*

My verdancy is unparalleled. *G. G. Greene.*

A merry, red-cheeked, laughing boy,
Whom 't is a pleasure to annoy.
P. R. Allen, '92.

A plain, blunt man. *Andrews, '93.*

Preserved preppish peculiarities. *P. Page.*

A specimen of nature's forgetfulness. *Salem, the Hildrethian.*

Hark, boy! what noise is that? *Sornborger reciting.*

Opens the door like a lamb,
Shuts it again with a slamn;
"Will yer have any fruit?"
Receives a charged boot,
Goes out as the student says "———!"
Joe Lynch in Commons.

I am possesser of ample, though well-concealed, athletic capabilities. *C. M. Miller*, '93.

Though far removed by fate away
From these familiar scenes,
I never shall forget the day
I first ate Marland's beans. *Atha*, '91.

"His sweet smile haunts me still." *"George" Skinner.*

Voilà Narcisse! *N. L. Barnes.*

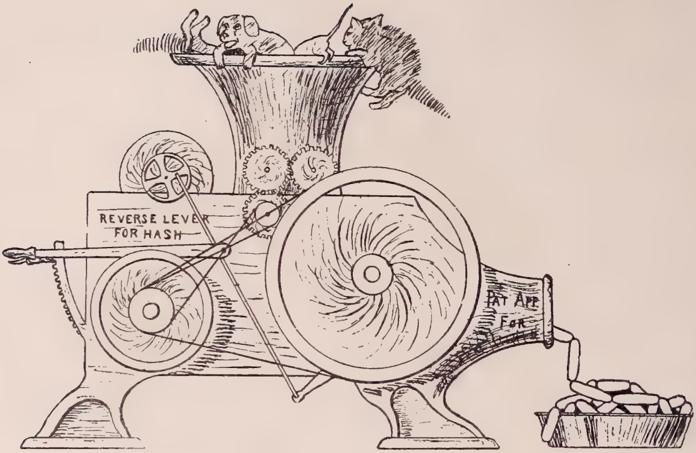
Where did you get that hat? *G. G. Bartlett*

To think that I, the smartest man
In P.A. '92,
Should thus be meanly ridiculed,
Is just too much, boo-hoo! *Porter*, '92.

Have you seen him — a pair of glasses and a new overcoat?
Clary.

Every holiday afternoon
I take my gun, and start at noon
To shoot a rabbit, grouse, or bear,
But never yet have harmed a hare.
Skinner, '93.

If good King David could but once
To morniug prayers repair,
And hear his Psalms thus warbled out,
Good Lord! how he would swear!
Chapel Choir.



Oh M——, W—— M——,
  How could you be so mean
To cut up all the cats and dogs
  In your old hash machine?
Now pussy-cats and long-tailed rats
  No longer will be seen;
They 'll cut 'em up for sausage-meat,
  In your wonderful machine.

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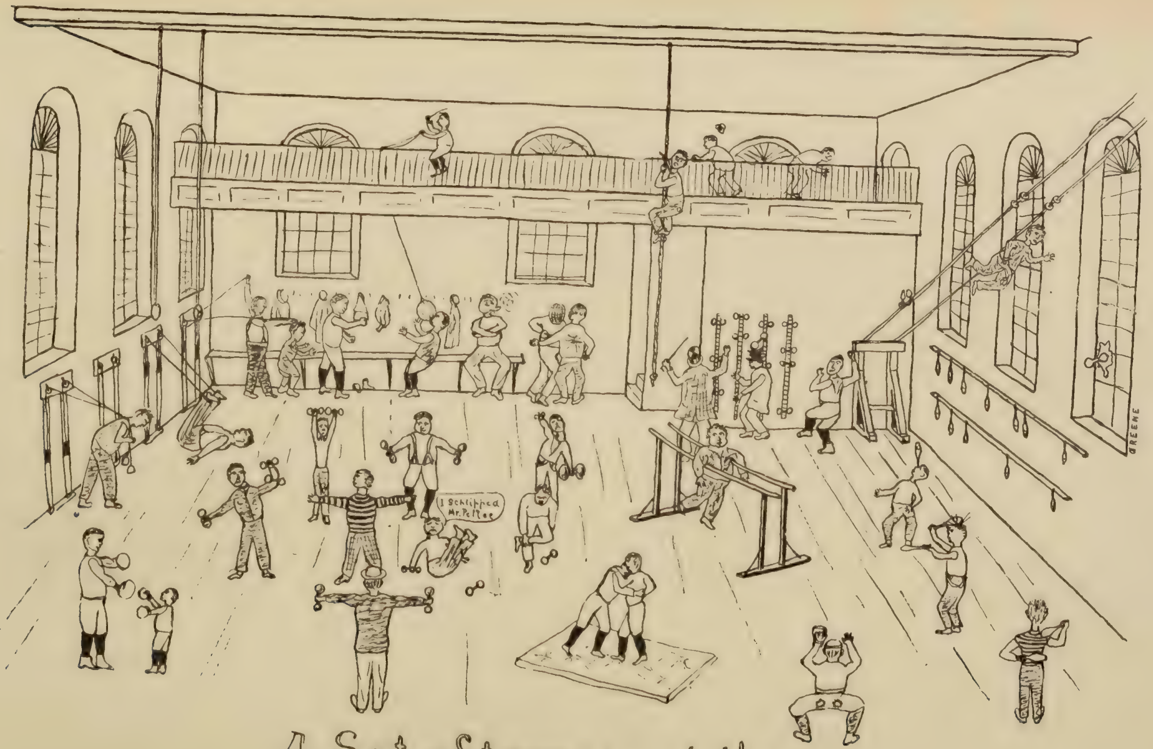

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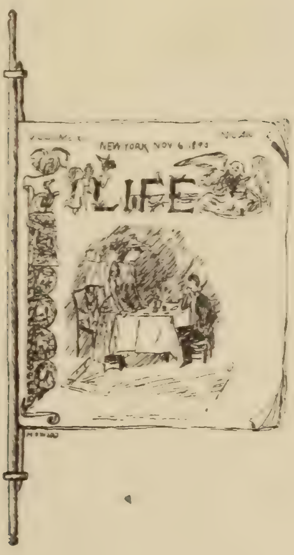

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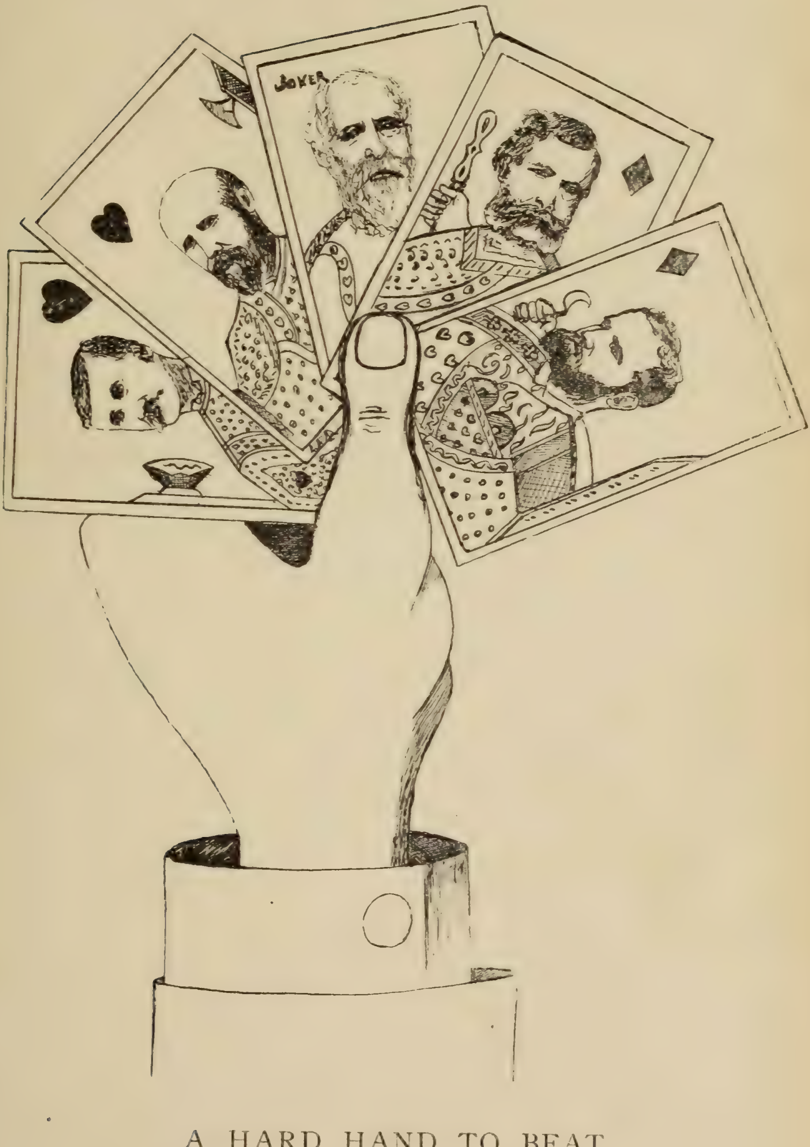

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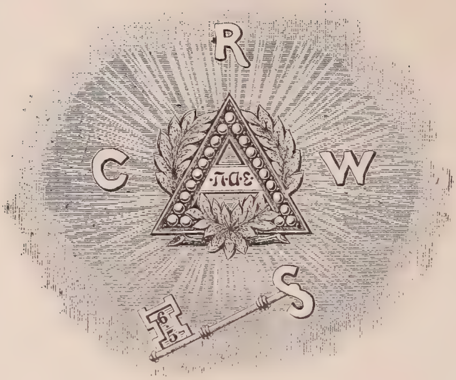

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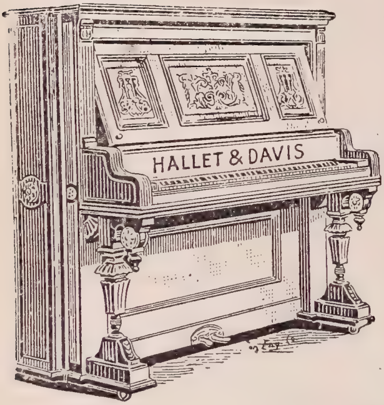

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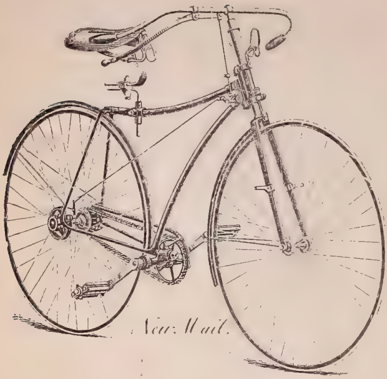

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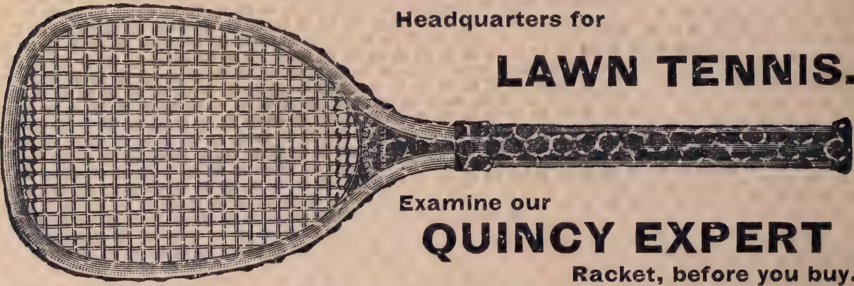

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OUR Spring Catalogue, beautifully illustrated by handsome engraved cuts of Men's, Boys' and Children's Spring Styles, containing price list and self-measure blanks, will be sent by mail to any address on application. It is one of the prettiest and most useful books ever issued, containing a fund of information ta those who nesire correct clothing at reasonable prices.

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VOL. XXXVIII. NO. 3.

Scire est Regere.

THE

PHILO ❋ MIRROR

JUNE, 1891.

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EDITORS:

Wm. M. H. Wadhams,

Henry Neal Hyde,

George H. McClellan.

In dedication of this book
  We could but choose the girls,
With laughing face and handsome look
  And smiles, worth more than pearls.

We thought of Wellesley, Bradford, Smith,
  Remembered all of them,
Then chose the fairest and the best,
  The Andover Fem Sem.

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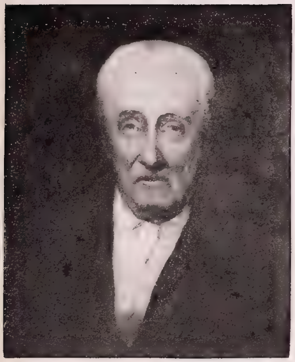

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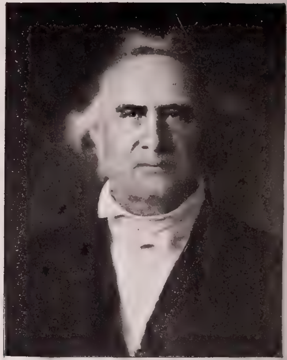

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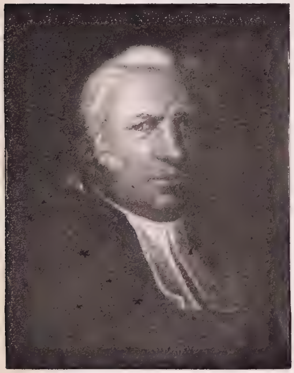

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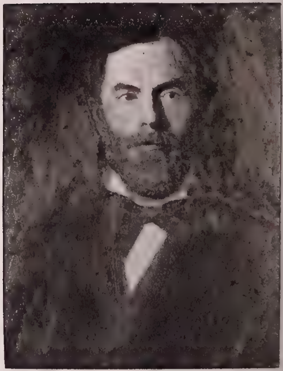

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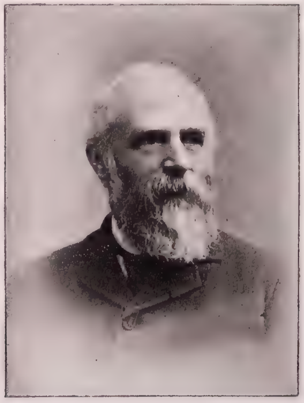


CECIL F.P. BANCROFT, PH.D.,
1873

Dr. O. A. P. Bancroft.
With Compliments of
The Editors.

THE MIRROR.

Vol. XXXVIII. JUNE, 1891. No. III.

Dialogue of the Muses.

Second Means Prize.

'Tis evening hour in Salbro on the Rhone,
And lo! strange stillness fills the vacant streets.
The village folk are crossing o'er the Alps
To Rome. At length they reach a lofty height
And spread their tents. Amazed they stand and watch
The mellow sunbeams of the bright June day,
Now slowly, softly dying, far beyond
The purple summits of the high Auvergne.
Sweet, smiling beauty fills the crimson sky;
No sound nor murmur's heard, save, now and then,
The gentle hum of bees or flight of birds,
Which seek their little homes in shady glens.
Now list! They hear St. Luke's Cathedral bells,
A score of miles away. How sweetly come
Their tinkling, pealing, swelling vesper chimes.
But now fair evening shuts her golden gates;

The silent heavens spread their twilight gray;
The distant landscape fades in deepening gloom,
And night is on the hills; the forests sleep.
The Roman pilgrims lie in slumber calm,
When lo! they are aroused by frightful shocks;
Vast surging, bursting, sweeping clouds descend;
The angry thunders rattle, roar, and crash;
The lightnings flash with swifter, fiercer glares;
The whirlwinds howl around the mountain tops;
Huge, fiery monsters leap from peak to peak.
O God! save us! save us! we die. But hold!
The clouds arise, disperse, and flee afar.
See how the stars do shine through boundless space.
Behold, the moon emits her gentle rays.
But hark! What 's that? How sweet and clear from far!
"We hail, we hail, exalted king! We hail
Your majesty!" Ah, look! behold! On high,
Long trains of golden cars, with flying steeds,
And countless banners floating to and fro,
Descend upon a purple sea of flame.
'T is Jove's nine Muses, with their stately king.
They sit upon Mont Blanc's pure, crystal throne.
Now speaks the king: "Good Muses, tell your fame;
And Ovid, Virgil, and great Homer shall
With me declare to each a worthy prize."
"'T is mine! 't is mine! I am the Spanish Muse,
And surely none will dare to rival me;
My name is known above the sun and stars,
Now place the sparkling gems upon my head."
"'T is false, O haughty boaster! Hear, and know
I 'm the Italian Muse, and claim the crown,
In Tasso's, Petrarch's, Grossi's, Dante's, names,
Whose lofty strains and potent melodies
Still echo o'er my sunny hills and plains.
O king, I pray, let mine the honor be."
"How dare you claim the crown when I am here!
Depart, conceited Muse! Away! begone!
Most gracious king, and judges wise, behold

My Lessing, Klopstock, Schiller, Goethe, great,
Who sang with wisdom, strength, and grandeur bold;
Whose might unbarred the doors of nature's vault,
And filled all lands and realms with richest lore."
"You speak o'ermuch, O German Muse! Retire!
And may it please your Majesty to judge
My Lamartine, Montaigne, Corneille, Racine,
And great Rousseau, Molière, Hugo, Voltaire,
Who sang celestial hymns and martial lays,
Adorned with charming tenderness and grace.
Vive le Beranger! Vive la Marseillaise!"
"Desist, O Gallic Muse! you boast in vain!
Your Marseillaise incites to bloody war.
Great King, 't is yours to say who has excelled
My Hood's and Campbell's clear and classic rhyme,
The Highland songs of my great-hearted Burns,
The gliding metres of Sir Walter Scott,
Whose glowing visions told all nature's dreams."
"Long live your Majesty and judges fair!
Consider Chaucer, Dryden, Cowper, Gray,
Pope, Shelley, Browning, Spenser, Byron, Keats,
And Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Tennyson:
My Milton's pure, severe, and lofty style;
Great Shakespeare's tragedies — the world's delight,
The perfect master of all arts and themes."
"What! you receive the crown! Presumptuous claim!
I'm Erin's Muse. Now read Dean Swift's sharp wit,
And Moore, and Goldsmith's sweet, pathetic charms."
Now comes a young and proud, but graceful Muse.
"Your Highness, judge my Bryant, Aldrich, Poe,
Drake, Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, and Holmes,
The sweet affection of my Cambridge bard."
Then all is quiet. The king begins to speak:
"Let Shakespeare's Muse receive the diamond crown.
[Prolonged applause.] Next Dante's, Goethe's, and
Voltaire's wise Muses, each a crown of gold.
Now list, fair daughters, hear my parting words:
The time is near when all your well-tuned harps

Will cease to play. This young and gracious Muse
Will sing among a proud and lordly race.
Great poets will arise, whose heavenly strains
Will charm the human heart. Their choral songs
Will bring the Golden Age — a thousand years
Without a war. All nations, tribes will hail
Their codes, their creed and tongue. But now I must
Depart, nor tell you more. Young Muse, my blessing take."
Behold, he reins his flying steeds; they rise,
And westward, upward, higher still they fly.
Ten thousand snow-white eagles lead their flight.
The Muses wondering stand, and watch their king
Ascending higher, till, alas! he's gone.

J. O. Moré.

A Fair Successor.

First Prize Story.

MARY and Winnie Cook were certainly happy children, and as their name suggests, you would have thought them sisters. They were not, however; Mary was mistress, and Winnie her maid. The latter took the name, as was the custom in those times, of her master. She and her mother had been sent as a present from Mrs. Cook's father at Mary's birth. There were only a few weeks difference in the ages of the two children, so Winnie's mother became Mary's mammy. The two had nursed at the same breast, and all their lives received nearly the same treatment from the same hands. It was not strange, then, that they loved each other.

As it often happened, the little maid was as fair as her mistress, her figure as graceful, and her features were sharply defined, leaving scarcely anything to her as an insignia of bondage.

The time finally came for Mary to be sent away to school; but Winnie was going as her maid, so all was well. Their friendship increased, rather than diminished, when at school. Mary began secretly to teach her maid to read, and found her an apt pupil. Winnie had had every opportunity for obtaining real culture, except such as books afford, so she seized this chance with a will. If at any time her lessons were interrupted by visitors, Mary feigned reading to her; but this very seldom happened.

Mr. Cook placed an unusual amount of confidence in almost everybody. This attribute of his was often the source of much trouble for him. He had gone a heavy security for a friend. In the third year of Mary's course this gentleman failed, involving Mr. Cook in debt to a great amount. To meet his promises it was necessary to sell some of his slaves. Winnie's mother was among the number, since now she could be most easily spared.

The news of the failure and its consequences did not reach Mary until it was too late to interfere in behalf of her mammy. To partially console her, when he did write, Mr. Cook made her a present of Winnie to have as her own. Mary could not tell her maid that her mother had been sold, and that they would never meet again. She continued to teach her; but now her pupil was past the mere rudiments, and Mary began to realize how much it would cost her to give up her books when she should return home to stay; knowing that if caught reading she would be sold, regardless of her father's promise. Finally she decided, as the only certain remedy, to give Winnie her freedom. She loved her as a sister, and to feel that at any moment she might be sold to cruel masters was worse than to be separated from her at once and forever, but knowing she was free. Accordingly, the day before her father should come to take her home she told Winnie about her mother, and offered to set her free. When convinced that her mistress meant what she said, she decided to go. They both laughed and cried over the idea, and again and again covered each other with kisses before parting.

She went down the streets of the town as if on an errand, and boarded the north-bound train without detection. Mary had provided her ticket, and money sufficient for a good while. The news of her escape was made known early next morning, and soon the country for miles was being searched for her. Winnie read the advertisement for herself in the evening papers, but ere another sun she was safe on English soil. Mary's father arrived during the excitement, and of course was frantic with anger; but the deed was done.

II.

Miss Longman's physician had ordered her South for the winter, so she determined to stop and pay her old classmate, now Mrs. Whiting, a visit at her country-home, the Briers, near Louisville, Kentucky. This she did. After a two weeks' stay she found herself so much improved that she began to make arrangements to spend the entire winter in that vicinity. Mrs. Whiting would hear of nothing else than that she should stay with her.

The Briers was a large, old-fashioned house, but kept in perfect repair. From every window and the long veranda the scenery was grand. In this vicinity nature had wrought beauties with lavish hand. At some distance from the house proper were the quarters of the servants, most of whom remained on the estate, though the war had been over several years. These soon became an object of great interest to Miss Longman. It was not long before she knew them all, and was familiar with their several histories.

The next winter found her again at the Briers. It was then that she first mentioned to Mrs. Whiting the need of a school for the colored children on the estate, and signified her desire to undertake the work. Mrs. Whiting well knew what she would bring upon herself if she attempted this, and endeavored to dissuade her. Colonel Whiting treated the subject with unconcern; but had it been any one but Miss Longman his lack of interest would no doubt have been positive opposition. He, like many others, could not understand why persons of Miss Longman's culture and social position should desire to associate themselves in such a manner with their former slaves. She persisted; and in due time the school began, to the great delight of those for whom it was intended.

Miss Longman had a great advantage over many who gave themselves to such work, in that she had already made friends. But all these gradually fell away, except a few of the more noble-hearted ones, like Colonel Whiting, who still could see in her real nobility of character, though they did not approve of her work. She disregarded, as far as possible, the feeling toward her, and year after year continued her work, until she had proven that purity of life was not inconsistent with such labors. Thus she gained for her successor what no other means could have acquired.

The news of her death in her far-off northern home, while away for the summer, brought sorrow to many other hearts than those of the colored people whose lives had been so changed for good by her sacrifices. Every one, by this time, recognized the school as a necessity, and now who would take it was the question on every tongue.

Her school was upon her mind throughout her illness. It was this, above all else, she regretted to leave. Her niece, a young woman just beginning her twenties, and who that year had graduated, volunteered to take her place. Her aunt's look of gratitude thrilled her with an enthusiasm for the work. It was a great sacrifice for her and her parents. She little dreamed how hard it would be to dispense with her many luxuries, and be denied the love and association to which she was so accustomed.

Her arrival at the Briers was anxiously awaited by the friends of Miss Longman. Whatever were their several opinions on seeing her, in one thing they were all agreed — that she was pretty. Hers was that type of beauty for which the South is so famous. Indeed, she always seemed an exotic in her cold northern city. Her work was pleasantly begun, and her first year was, of course, filled with many new and strange experiences.

Just before closing the "Rainbow School," as she called it, from the great variety of colors of her pupils, an incident occurred which left a lasting impression. She heard a noise as of horses running away, and reached the door just in time to see a pair of the frightened animals rush by, leaving their driver senseless upon the roadside. With the aid of her pupils she carried him into her schoolroom, and applied what simple restoratives were present, while a boy was sent for the doctor about a mile away. He soon arrived, finding that the case had not been represented in colors any too dark. The patient had regained consciousness by this time, and insisted on being carried home to Louisville, bruised as he was. Both he and the doctor heartily thanked Miss Kendall for her timely aid.

She spent her summer with her parents at the Thousand Islands, but in October again went to her work. For a long time she had wished to have some one visit her school, yet what she would do on such an occasion she did not know. This wish was gratified soon after her return. Instantly she recognized her visitor as the gentleman whose horses ran away the previous spring. He gave his name as Mr. Lenereaux. There was also a younger gentleman with him. The former apologized for interrupting the school, and recalling the accident mentioned, again thanked Miss Kendall and her school. He said he desired to make the school a present of some kind, if the teacher would accept it. Now, while her school was comfortable, there were many things needed to make it what it should be. Therefore, in behalf of the school, Miss Kendall accepted, but was so surprised and embarrassed that she could think of nothing to suggest. The other gentleman was the Superintendent of the Louisville schools. On their return, after hearing the children recite and sing, he praised Miss Kendall's work very highly, and mentioned an outfit of seats and desks as a suitable gift. These the little school accordingly received.

During his illness and afterwards the idea remained with Mr. Lenereaux that there was something about the teacher of that school that reminded him of one dear to him, but long since dead. Whether this were merely a fancy of his fevered brain or not he could not tell, and now he made this visit mainly to satisfy himself in regard to this notion. The impression had been real. Miss Kendall's appearance had a strange fascination for the old gentleman, and recalled to him many happy hours of his younger days. He could not tell what it was about her that reminded him of his wife, but at times, as in a smile or a certain poise of her head, there was an almost perfect resemblance; but in an instant it would again disappear. To catch these glimpses of his loved one was a great pleasure to Mr. Lenereaux. His visits to the school, where there was always a cordial welcome for him, were many. Miss Kendall was delighted to have such interest in her work displayed, and began to think her labors were not in vain, after all.

George Lenereaux equally shared with his father the grief for his lost mother. Though he was popular in society, he cared little for it, occupying himself almost wholly with his law-practice. On a certain afternoon he was going to the Briers on business with Colonel Whiting. His father had casually mentioned his visits to the Rainbow School, and now suggested that he stop in for a few minutes, which he did. That evening he told his father of his visit, including how pleasantly he had been impressed by the teacher's manners, which he considered elegant. The next time he happened at the Briers he met Miss Kendall at dinner. The father and son were too nearly alike not to be affected by the same influence; but each kept his secret from the other.

George's visits increased, in spite of his intentions to the contrary, and his father watched his actions with no little enjoyment. He did not see so readily as his father what the underlying influence was which drew him on. When, finally, he too began to think she bore some resemblance to his mother, he questioned himself as to whether it were true, or that a feeling for her similar to that for his mother were gaining upon him. However this might be, the fancied resemblance became more real as his visits grew more frequent, until he was satisfied they were alike somehow, and that he loved both of them. The summer vacation put an end to his visits for a while, and gave each one time to think.

One evening the father and son chanced to be talking of Miss Kendall when George ventured to ask him if he ever noticed in her any resemblance to his mother. Of course he was pleased to hear him say he had. It was then, for the first time, that he learned why his father suggested his visit to the school.

The return of autumn brought Miss Kendall again to the Briers. She had gained much experience at teaching, and was meeting with success in her work. She had a few real friends. All things considered, this would have been her happiest winter, even without George Lenereaux's friendship, which, however, had become a potent factor of her enjoyment. As if to add to her many pleasures, her parents spent a part of their winter at the Briers. George seized this opportunity to ask for the hand of their daughter. Ere the summer again separated the lovers for a time, their engagement had been announced. A part of this summer, however, the two were together at the summer residence of the Kendalls on the St. Lawrence.

When she returned in the fall all supposed it was for the last time. After a few weeks had passed, her letters from home suddenly stopped coming. She wrote to know the reason, but still no reply for nearly two weeks. Finally a letter came and explained the cause of the delay. The letter was a long one. But little space was given to explanations, when suddenly it changed to a new and unexpected topic:

"My dear Marion, I have long delayed giving you this information. I regret that I have; but my love for you has prevented me. Had I not solemnly promised, I would not tell you now. The name you bear is not really your own, for we are not your parents. Your mother was married in Canada, where she went from Kentucky when given her freedom by her young mistress. Your father was an Englishman, and an employee of Mr. Kendall when we lived in Montreal. Your mother survived your birth but a few weeks.

The next year your father accidentally received injuries from which he never recovered. He gave you to us at his death, and bade us tell you your history when you were older. We adopted you, but moved to our present home, where no one but us knew your story."

It was well she had gone to her room to read this letter. Surprised and staggered by it, she dropped upon her bed half unconscious. This was the saddest night she had ever experienced. Doubt and despair seized upon her with relentless grasp. All her life she had been deceived by those whom she had been taught to love as parents. Who or what else could there be true? "Cruel, cruel love, to deceive me so long!" escaped her at irregular intervals between her sobs.

Next morning the thought of her deception had given place to that of her ancestry. What did it matter who her father was, if her mother had once been a slave? No one could feel all that this implied more keenly than she who had suffered the severest ostracism on many occasions merely because she was trying to help those who had been slaves. She knew all it meant to be one of them, however slight the connection. Although she had learned to love them, and willingly bore much for their sakes, yet to be one of them was more than her young and hopeful life was prepared to entertain. The thought was overwhelming. Strange, perhaps, but nearly every aspect of her condition had been considered before she thought of her lover, and then it was only to intensify her suffering. She knew what it would cost to tell him her secret, still she felt that he above all others must know it. Almost instantly she determined upon her course. A letter was sent at noon requesting George to come on the morrow. Meanwhile she collected all his presents, including her ring, to send him.

She was seated on the lawn when one of her pupils, a boy of seven or eight, who regarded it a special honor to accompany her to and from school, asked, in his direct, childlike way: "Is that gentleman your beau?" "Who?" asked Miss Kendall. "The one at school yesterday," he answered. The irony of that question! But one day ago she would have thought the affirmative, whether she answered so or not, but now she dared not do either. "Why do you ask, Johnnie?" "'Cause I wants to tote your books home every day," was the reply, remembering that this had been denied him on the previous day.

Just then George Lenereaux appeared. He was in a great hurry to see Colonel Whiting in regard to the sale of some real estate in Louisville, but seeing Miss Kendall, started toward her. She knew he could not have received her letter, so tried to appear as usual; but the tell-tale marks were upon her countenance.

"What under the sun is wrong, Marion?" he asked, as she led the way to the parlor. She handed him the letter, and stood by, expecting an outburst of anger.

He was as unprepared for such news as she. His love was ready to withstand an attack at any point which he had deemed worthy of fortifying; but here was a position which had never appeared vulnerable. Here, in his case, defeat was not unpardonable. His inherited pride of centuries united in deadly conflict with a passion of only two years' growth; but its youth and vigor added to the fierceness of the struggle, and finally overcame.

"I understand it all now, Marion," he exclaimed; and as fast as he could utter the words told the following story: "It was my mother who gave yours her freedom. They had grown up as sisters, and this was the highest expression of her love. What separated them shall unite their children, and you shall no longer want for a name." As he endeavored to dry her tears with kisses, he added, "And this secret shall be ours alone forever."

The Rainbow School is now supported by public funds. Mrs. Lenereaux is a frequent visitor; but the teacher is a graduate of Fiske University, and one whose ancestry cannot easily be mistaken.

Worth Thinking About.

THE PRESENT TENDENCY TOWARDS INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

First Means Prize.

IT is a noteworthy fact that the conscience of society to-day is more sensitive than it ever has been in the world's history toward all forms of intemperance, superstition, and injustice. Among other great evils which prey upon mankind is that of war. That this dread custom may soon be supplanted by the more rational one of arbitration is a possibility "worth thinking about."

No one who has thoughtfully read the story of war can but recoil at the desolation which it has brought upon humanity. Mr. Emerson has said that "war, plague, cholera, famine, indicate a certain ferocity in nature, which, as it had its inlet by human crime, must have its outlet by human suffering." Herein lies a great truth of life. War, then, has its roots in some form of crime. It may be selfish ambition, mistaken ideas of justice, or blind prejudice. History testifies that as human intelligence increases, great evils made possible by crime decrease or entirely disappear. May we not consistently, then, look forward to the extinction of war? If we scan the horizon carefully, we shall see many signs pointing toward this next emancipation.

Men and nations of dissimilar customs, dialects, religions, and governments are being unified more and more. Everywhere men are realizing that they are their brothers' keepers. The fallacy of the policy which substitutes brute force for the arbitrament of reason is being realized more and more widely. In the words of Gen. Grant, "Arbitration between two nations may not satisfy either party at the time, but it satisfies the *conscience of mankind.*" The false and exaggerated ideas of patriotism and honor which have crowned war with a halo of glory and fascination are giving place to those of a broader, more truthful conception of its real character. The military spirit delighting in a show of tinsel and finery is being discountenanced. The spirit of the age is against the arming of man against his brother. It is being ably voiced from the pulpit, by the press, and upon the platform. The friends of peace and arbitration have formed societies, and are rapidly spreading their blessed doctrine of peace.

We find many instances where arbitration has been tried, and with perfect success. The legislative bodies of many nations have formally favored arbitration. In some cases, treaties binding the signatory parties to refer all disputes to peaceful adjudication have been made. The Pan-American Congress and the Supreme International Court for all American Nations are significant institutions. America is but fulfilling the words of the lamented John Boyle O'Reilly:

> "Here on this rock and on this sterile soil
> Began the kingdom, not of kings, but men;
> Began the making of the world again.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The past is theirs — the future ours; and we must learn
> and teach."

Recent despatches report that while the French cabinet is divided on the question of forcing war upon Germany, President Carnot, with M. Ribot, minister of foreign affairs, advocates peace. Within a few days the young Emperor William is reported to have addressed a number of young men just sworn in as members of the guards stationed at Berlin, to the effect that no one could be a good soldier who was not a good Christian. We can hardly believe that these great Powers will enter upon another war, although their present attitude may betoken it.

It was recently our privilege to view the masterly painting representing the battle of Gettysburg, a scene which well might cause gentle Peace to turn away in tears, and Justice flee to brutish beasts. To-day, beneath the same roof, is exhibited another scene of a totally different character. It is one of beauty, quiet, and security. It is Jerusalem, the City of Peace, in the time of the human life of the Prince of Peace.

We believe that the present tendency toward International Arbitration is the harbinger of a similar contrast which shall be universal and eternal. Then in very truth may every armed warrior say with Sir Launfal:

> "Hang up my idle armor on the wall,
> Let it be the spiders' banquet hall;
> He must be fenced with stronger mail
> Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

S. P. White.

Solitude.

Second Prize Poem.

Oh, solitude, the home
Of the wise, thou art my choice spot of life.
Thou art to me, silent place, my life's peace
And happiness. Thou helped repentance, shamed
Folly, comforted all the pure with peace,
And fostered the piety of great Job,
Mellowed Numa's wisdom, fed Milton's mind,
Yet thou art still. 'Twas thou, alone, that fired
Demosthenes to eloquence, that gave
Charles religion for ambition, that taught
Dyfed self-knowledge, and nourished Poe's love.
By all men just and wise, surely art thou
The good nurse of greatness. By thy deep stream
Men court fair wisdom, romantic maid.
This life I'll relish fair, celestial maid,
And I'll live in peace when I live with thee.
There, beneath some beautiful, wide-spreading oak,
There, on the banks where roses brighter bloom,
There, where the distant shepherd's song is heard,
I'll ever sink to rest.
Romantic maid,
Now give me rest, and deign to guide my feet
To your sweet, gentle, everlasting home.
I seek thee for to live; seek thee for thy
Precious things, and never for my own pride.
There alone the voice will converse with thee;
There I shall gather the ravelled feelings' skeins;

There the nets of usefulness I shall mend;
There the loftier strains I shall sing;
There the grand fruits of study I shall eat,
And always be merry, for solitude
Delighteth in feeding all on cheerful thoughts.
There I shall trace the comet's waving tail;
There I shall sit, communing with fancy;
There I shall walk by thy beautiful stream,
Beneath knowledge's great constellated lamps;
There, untroubled, among the birds I shall weep.
And there, too, pray and sing for joy of heart,
Praise thy grace, and there I shall live my own,
And unknown may I die.
"What troubles thee?"
Said she, or to me seemed to say, with that
Sweet voice which surprisingly stirred my brain
With celestial wonder. "Grief will haunt thee
Where'er thou goest, and sigh in the breeze.
'God never made an independent man.'
'Tis irreligious for thee to bid
Farewell to society, home, and friends.
Think not that Fate will command thee to some
Safer shore, where snakes ne'er creep nor lions roar,
Where birds sing, and Nature her charms bestows.
Your life and knowledge to mankind you owe.
'Tis the height of virtue mankind to serve.
Free not thyself from love, home, all its cares,
For on that condition downcasts 'wait thee;
Nor from the blessings of home, where old and young
In unreserved communion kindly mix,
For thou wilt meet great, unexpected pains
Which a solitary life is heir to.
Heed my counsel, O youth!"

. . . .

Time has rolled by
With the smoothness of an Amazon's flow,
And scarcely has left the memory dear
Of that cool, quiet day I wished, yea, longed

To be a hermit in a distant realm.
Ah me! how I conversed with the fair maid!
But even now I hope that I, sometime,
May live in a true, solitary clime,
Where utmost, pensive Contemplation dwells,
And flowers of knowledge surround my home,
And descend in triumph, mercy, and truth,
And nature glowing in Eden's first bloom.
What? Why do I long for such horrid climes?
'T is impious — long for a distant realm
Far from friendship, from humanity's reach,
From society, learning of the age,
Religion, a treasure more precious far
Than silver and gold of all this wide world?
'T is irreligious. But ah! there I'll have
Freedom, honor, wisdom.

An Egyptian Legend.

Second Prize Story.

It was during the reign of the mighty Khufu, when Egyptian civilization and splendor were at their height, and the rest of the world lay shrouded in darkness. Away in the distance stood the pyramids, grim sentinels of the desert, challenging its drifting sands to cover them. The stately Nile rolled past waving fields and peaceful groves, as it does to-day. In the foreground the royal estate, fair as the garden of Eden, sloped gently up from the water's edge. The snow-white palace reposed in peace among the lofty palms. But its lordly master was not at peace. His swarthy face wore a troubled look as he slowly walked up and down the spacious halls. The reason was this. The treasure-house, where lay his incalculable wealth, had been broken into and robbed, and to a monarch whose heaps of gold and jewels were his one consolation and delight such a loss seemed almost unbearable. At length he paused, and with a fierce gesture, swore that by the sacred Ibis he would have a storehouse built that not even the gods could enter.

Soon there arose close to the palace a massive square building composed entirely of huge granite blocks. The exterior was very plain, for not a single opening was visible, except two heavily barred loopholes which served for ventilation. The only entrance was an underground passage, leading right from the king's bed-chamber. Old Khufu was satisfied, but such was his avarice that the worthy architect was poorly paid for his services. The latter, however, foreseeing such an injustice, had skilfully devised and put into execution a plan whereby he at any time could replenish his funds if necessary. One of the foundation stones had carefully been balanced on a strong steel pivot, and could be easily swung around at right angles, thus making two good-sized openings. So accurately was everything put in place that the position of the stone could be detected only by remembering the number of blocks between it and the corner of the building.

Several years passed by, but the architect, who was fairly well off and feared detection if he should disturb the royal vaults, never dared to approach the place. On his death-bed, however, he called his two sons, Nefer and Sebek, to his side, and after telling them the great secret which he had so carefully kept, passed away, amid the sighs and tears of a bereaved family. No sooner was his embalmed body laid in its ornamented sarcophagus, than the two young men, greedy for gain, and more daring than their father, planned a visit to the treasury. Accordingly, on a dark night not long after, they made the attempt, and having found the stone pushed it aside, and entered. The sight that met their eyes exceeded their highest expectations. By the delicate light of lamps overhead they saw a beautiful fountain surrounded with silken couches, and the accumulated wealth of the kingdom heaped up in all directions. They gazed awhile in astonishment, and then, each taking as much as he could carry, stole away in safety.

On the next day the king arose, and having breakfasted, withdrew, as was his custom, to his beloved retreat, there to dote over his wealth at leisure. Great was his dismay, then, to find that some of his choicest treasures were gone. He was much troubled and mystified, but as the loss was not severe, he consoled himself with the thought of the satisfaction he would experience if he could only capture the thief, and find his means of entrance. So a powerful trap, concealed under a light mat, was chained to a heavy brass-bound coffer, which was purposely left open, that its glittering contents might serve as a bait for the unwary pilferer.

The temptation to visit the treasury again was so strong that the next night found Nefer and his brother within the enchanting walls. As they walked about from spot to spot, Nefer, more selfish than his brother, was attracted by a glistening diamond, and ran forward to seize it. When it was almost within his grasp the fearful jaws of the trap snapped together, holding him a prisoner. The wretched youth, overcome with pain and fear, sank down senseless. In a moment Sebek was at his side, and with a dash of cold water restored him to consciousness. Alas! all attempts to loosen the cruel grip of those fatal jaws were in vain. Finally Nefer cried out in despair, "My time has come, my brother, and I beseech you to end my misery now, rather than leave me to be tortured to death. Besides, when I am found and recognized the vengeance of the king will know no bounds, and our whole family will be destroyed. Take all you can carry, cut off my head and wrap it up carefully that no traces may remain, and leave this accursed place forever." No other course was open. Reluctantly, and with many feelings of anguish, Sebek fulfilled his brother's request. and, closing the entrance, departed with a heavy heart.

Judge of the king's astonishment when on the next day he found the headless body of a man in his fiendish contrivance. Who was he? How did he enter? How many were there? — for there must have been some one to cut off his head. In the hope of solving the mystery, Khufu caused the body to be hung up on the wall of the treasury in a conspicuous place, and surrounding it with a guard, ordered that whoever in passing by showed any great emotion should be arrested and brought before him.

Now it so happened that the mother of Nefer, as she was coming home from market, caught a glimpse of the body, which, mutilated as it was, she recognized as that of her son. She was horrified at the sight, and on reaching home told Sebek that if he did not bring the body to her by the next day she would relate the whole story to the king. Poor Sebek was at his wits' end, but at last he devised a plan which he proceeded to carry out. He procured two large goat-skins, and made numerous holes in them which he plugged up with pieces of wood. He filled the goat-skins with a very intoxicating wine, slung them across his donkey's back, and about dusk went slowly toward the treasury. When near the guard he pulled out several plugs, and immediately the wine began to trickle into the dusty road. Thereupon he pretended to be in great distress and begged the soldiers to come to his aid, but they, crowding around, mocked him, and helped themselves freely. When the soldiers lay in a drunken stupor Sebek took down the body in the deepening twilight, and hastened home.

The king was baffled, but not discouraged. He made a proclamation that whoever came and confessed to his beautiful daughter, the princess Nitocris, a crime worse than that narrated by any other should receive her hand in marriage. By this means the king hoped to entrap the culprit, and instructed his daughter to hold fast, until assistance arrived, any one who told her facts that seemed related to the headless corpse in the treasury. Sebek, thinking no treachery, concluded to visit the princess. Accordingly, dressed in his best style, he was admitted to the presence of the princess, and, seated by her side, related the sad circumstances of his brother's death. What was his surprise, then, to feel himself suddenly seized by his fair listener, and to hear her cries for aid. Hastily realizing the situation, however, he lightly slipped out of the long, loose mantle he wore, leaving it in the hands of the princess, and made good his escape.

Although the artful king was highly chagrined, he could not but admire the youth who so easily eluded him at every turn, and, upon reflection, decided to proclaim a full pardon to the daring rogue if he would but make himself known. Sebek took the king at his word, went to the palace, and so favorably impressed the monarch that he gave him the hand of his daughter, and, in addition, a high office in the state. Upon the death of Khufu, some years later, Sebek, with the unanimous consent of the people, succeeded to the throne, where he reigned long and wisely, winning the esteem and affection of all.

S. E. G.

Is Republican Government Safer and Stronger than ever?

Third Means Prize.

Coming down through the ages of history, has sounded forth the cry of the oppressed of every empire and people. From the days of Roman tyranny, down through the oppressions of Britain; from the lips of Irish peasants and the millions of Russian serfs, comes a voice which cannot be stilled. It makes vital to us this great question of liberty, of happiness, and of life itself.

Republican government is self-government by the people, in which the rights and privileges of all men are equally protected and conserved. Only as these principles are followed, can republican government be either safe or strong. Many of the so-called republics of history have been defective in them; some have absolutely rejected them.

Republican government must ever depend for its strength upon the character of its people. The wrecks of attempted republics have again and again demonstrated that stability and usefulness do not inhere alone in the *form* of government.

The Roman republic was once the foremost nation of the world; but when her people became enriched by the plunder of conquest and weakened by vice and sensuality, it was impossible for her longer to be free. The love of liberty and virtue died out; the rich and powerful became despotic, until the republic, already such only in name, was compelled to adopt imperialism to maintain for a time her already crumbling power.

When that handful of Christian patriots first landed on the shores of Massachusetts, with lives dedicated to the cause of freedom, there was laid the foundation of the first successful republic, and one destined to be the test of democracy for the world. But in our own nation, the question of a united government under a federal constitution hung long in the balance. The deadly Upas-tree of slavery sprang up, poisoning the atmosphere and threatening the life of the Union; and to be freed from that blight the nation was convulsed in the fiercest throes of war. But the blood mingled on southern fields completed the work begun by New England's sons on Lexing-Green, and made safer and stronger the principles of republican government.

The growth of intelligence and spread of education, revealing the innate greatness of man himself, tend irresistibly to democracy. Greater than this, the onward march of Christianity demands equality between man and man. Without morality, liberty will fall; and morality in national life is inseparable from Christian character. Education alone is insufficient. The republic of Athens, though the centre of culture for the world, perished for lack of Christian leadership.

The weaknesses and perils of our own republic are many. The newspapers, the pulse of the nation, throb with unhealthy blood; many schools and colleges are no longer the Christian influence which their patriot founders intended they should be; politics have largely superseded statesmanship, and the feudal despotism of other days is rivaled by financial despotism. Only as these perils are met and overcome can we grow stronger.

The nations of the world are being stirred as never before; Royalty is trembling in the face of the onward movement. England is to-day ruled by the House of Commons; Japan has adopted a constitutional government; Brazil breaks her bands, without bloodshed, and in a single day. The oppressed and misgoverned nations of the old world are looking to us; the fate of untold millions is in our hands. Shall we, with a careless, criminal disregard of this trust, go on to selfish greed of wealth and power, or shall we meet and be true to our duty?

To strengthen and perpetuate republican government, the great and final need is, *men.*

In the gray dawn of that April morning in 1865, when a nation hung breathless over her chief, and the great heart which had beaten in sympathy with the liberties of both slave and freeman became still in death, there was seen the highest evidence of the strength of republican government. This is the evidence: That a poor and unknown young man, by the possibilities of democracy, should rise to the loftiest heights of fame, lead four millions of slaves to freedom and citizenship, and elevate and strengthen the principles of republicanism for all time.

Standing on the eve of the twentieth century, we see the vision of ever advancing freedom and progress; of republicanism dispersing the armies of Europe, breaking the shackles of Siberian exiles, and rending the yet stronger bands of caste and exclusiveness in the Orient. Upheld by patriots of noble mind and character, and guided by the Ruler of nations, impregnable it shall stand, forever.

G. H. McClellan.

School Songs.

FAIR ANDOVER.

Tune. — "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

Fair Andover! Star of New England,
The school of the rich and the poor,
The field for the strong and devout hand,
A shrine of pure wisdom and lore,
Thy renown gathers students around thee
When scholarship's aim comes in view;
Thy athletes shall crown thee with victory,
And honor thy flag, white and blue.

Cho. — Oh, wave the good flag white and blue!
Oh, wave the good flag white and blue!
The school of Old Phillips forever!
Oh, wave the good flag white and blue!

Fair Andover! Gem of New England,
Beloved of the young and the wise,
The charm of thy bowers and thy highlands
In song of thy praises shall rise.
As often in days gone forever,
Thy heroes, so brave and so true,
Proclaimed with victorious fervor
The palm for the good white and blue. [Cho.

Fair Andover! Star of New England,
The school of the brave and the bold,
Thy Alumni's eternal devotion
Has gathered thy treasures of old.

And we 'll add some new stars to thy colors,
Each year, as we gather anew;
And we 'll work for thy trophies and honors,
And cheer for the good white and blue. [Cho.

Fair Andover! Gem of our country,
The school of our youth and glad days,
Too soon comes the hour we must leave thee,
And sever fore'er from thy plays.
O'er whatever wild seas we may wander,
Our friendship shall always be new,
Through ties of pure love that shall ever
Increase for the good white and blue. [Cho.

VICTORY.

Tune.—"We'll Rally round the Flag, Boys."

So we gather as of old, boys,
The victory to proclaim,
Waving the banner blue of Phillips;
Let us cheer for our heroes
Who bravely won the game,
Bearing the banners blue of Phillips.

Cho.—P.A., boys, forever! hurru, ho, hurru!
Down with the red, and up with the blue!
So we gather round P.A., boys;
We gather round P.A.,
Waving the banners blue of Phillips.

Yes, they came from New Hampshire,
Four hundred strong and red,
Boasting they 'd whip the boys of Phillips;
They were taken with the blues,
And with sinking hearts they fled,
Leaving the field to good old Phillips.
[Chorus.

Otsayantha — A Legend.

Third Prize Story.

In the Western Catskills, near the source of the Delaware River, is the town of S——. The valley of the baby Delaware, nestling beneath the protection of lofty hills cultivated to the very tops, and towering mountains, whose sides and summits are still clothed with the primeval forest, is almost an earthly paradise. The whole face of the country gives one a feeling of prosperity; the barns are large, the cattle well-fed, and the fields of green corn waving against the deepest azure of the sky flecked with dainty clouds (a daring combination that no artist but Mother Nature could successfully attempt) assure comfort and plenty for the coming winter. And the climate of this peaceful spot is worthy of its physical aspects. The woods nowhere else have a green so beautiful, or a whisper so musical; nowhere else has the sky a blue so deep, or the scudding clouds so delicate a texture as they change their shapes far more wonderfully than ancient nymph or modern fairy; nowhere else has the breeze so sweet a perfume as it blows from over the fields of new-mown hay.

Over this fertile valley looms a mighty mountain, Otsayantha, hoary with forests of hair, and frowning with many a beetling crag, sleeplessly guarding the peace and plenty that reigns beneath. The northern slope falls to Lake Otsayantha below, a sheet of water of no mean dimensions. At one point in this descent is a precipitous crag with bare, flat top, jutting far out into the deepest part of the lake.

On Otsayantha's shaven crown irreverent mortals once tried to build a large hotel, and they scarred his face with a carriage-road, but the heavens themselves seemed unwilling to leave such insolence unpunished, and the bolt of Jove devoured the pile. But undaunted by this warning, they again built a house for tourists to obtain the view to the best advantage; and this still stands. Near the top of this mountain is an Indian burial-ground, for this region was one of the headquarters of the Delaware tribe. Most of the graves are near together, but at some distance from the others are three or four of larger size and more distinguished look, commonly called the graves of the chiefs. One of them still shows signs of having been piled higher than the others, and upon its mound grows a beautiful brier rose. This is known to the natives as Otsayantha's grave.

Way back at the time when first the white men began to pierce a little inland, this neighborhood, clothed in its pristine covering of mighty forests filled with abundant wild deer and game of every kind, was the centre of the powerful tribe of the Delawares. On the slope of this very mountain, perchance, their chief Uncas had his wigwam; in the glades where now herds of sleek cattle feed he chased the deer; here he lived and died, unknown to all but his own people. No historian mentions even his name; no one now hears of him; only one tradition handed down from father to son for many a year recalls him again from his long oblivion.

Before this region was opened to even the most daring trappers, a single white man of great physical strength and courageous beyond his fellows left the coast regions, and, piercing westward, settled in this wooded valley. Perhaps some disappointment in love, perhaps some ostracising crime, drove him away from his kin to this unexplored wilderness. At least, he made here his home, a tiny cabin of logs near the fountain-head of the Delaware. At first he seemed entirely isolated from all human beings; but as time passed the Indians began to feel some love of nature in the stranger akin to their own nature-worship, and friendly relations sprung up between them. Occasionally the chief would send some choice morsel of wild fowl to the white stranger, or *he* would send some trinket of civilization to the wandering savages. Armed by his power in calling thunder and lightening from the clouds to do his bidding, the untutored savages began to regard him as a mighty medicine man, and his gun as his most potent charm.

Lonely in the midst of all this attention the stranger courted an

Indian maiden, Otsayantha, the chief's only daughter, a girl of scarce eighteen summers old, and won her. For many a year, the legend tells us, they lived in peace, but as the daring white men pushed farther and farther west, trampling upon the rights of the original owners of the land, the relations between the white invaders and the Indian inhabitants grew to be one of constant aggressiveness on the one hand, and of continual suspicion and growing hatred on the other.

One day it happened that the husband of Otsayantha went off on a distant hunting trip, and left her to stay with her own people. That very night from every white man's cabin there rose the shout of savage war-cry and the shriek of butchered victims amid the frightful gleam of burning houses. Not a soul was left to bear the tidings to the settlements further east; all perished, and among the rest Otsayantha's husband.

The Indian maiden, far up on the mountain's height, knew naught of what was happening down below, but at the morning light the warriors came victorious homeward, and she learned her husband's fate. But one idea mastered her mind, one mighty longing swept her on, a desperate determination to follow her lord to the happy hunting ground, to escape living among those whose hands were stained with her loved one's blood. One reproachful glance she turned towards her father's face, and then like a hunted deer on and on she fled, straight to the cliff that hangs over the deepest point of the lake, and on over, and down, down, she plunged, headlong beneath the cool, peaceful bosom of the lake. No more did the surface move at the fall of this passionate human soul than at the fall of a lifeless rock. A ripple spread from shore to shore — and then all was still.

But can the heart be still that beat so truly for its husband's loss? Nay, though thy memory, Indian maid, is kept fresh only by the name of mountain and lake, yet thy faithful, devoted heart must some day wake from its long trance, and find again its love.

G. G. B.

Persistence vs. Talent.

President's Address.

To succeed in this life requires to-day, probably, more downright, vigorous work than it has at any other time in the world's history. The days when men could emerge suddenly, by a single praiseworthy act, from obscurity into fame and renown, have gone by, and we have in their stead a time when the competitive element so fills the average man that his single act does not secure for him a seat among the renowned, but only contributes towards a reputation won at last by long, hard, patient endeavor.

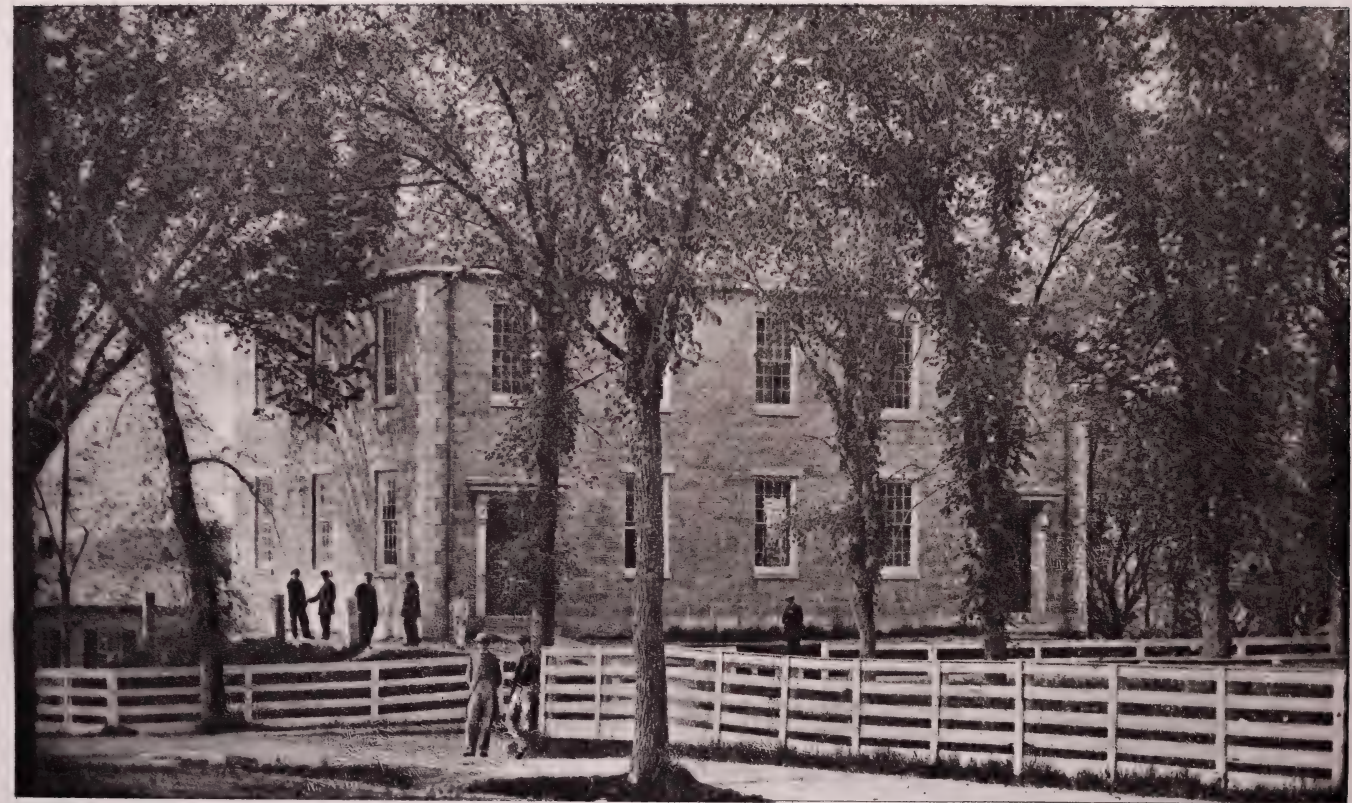
A man who is endowed with talent is considered as one especially favored by fortune. Many people think that fortune is blind and unjust in her distribution of talent, claiming that she smiles more on one person than she does on another, Those men, however, who look into practical life will find that fortune is perfectly honest in all her dealings, and that she smiles only on those persons who are always industrious. That we all have not talent is evident; but each and every one of us is gifted with more or less of persistence. It behooves us, therefore, to consider the advantages and disadvantages which come from being endowed with persistence or talent.

It can be truly said of talent that it has caused the ruin of more than one man; but we would defy any person to bring such a charge against persistence. Talent gives the college man his extra hours of leisure, which he employs not for his own improvement, but generally for his own ruin. Talent, accomplishment, opportunity, all are well; but they do not insure success. On the other hand, by dint of perseverance men of only moderate genius, and oftentimes even those who have been deprived of their fair share of talent, have attained the very highest degree of fame, and have been most proficient in their several callings.

When we think of the marvellous writings of Shakespeare, Milton, and Dante, or the discoveries of Newton, Watt, and Morse, we are apt to suppose that these men were exempt from the common law which governs mortals, and that they executed their works without much labor. But a perusal of the biographies of these men will quickly expel all such ideas, and firmly establish the fact that they accomplished their grand deeds through the hardest and most incessant work. It was persistence which enabled Mr. Carlyle to sit down and rewrite the first volume of his "French Revolution," after his manuscript had been accidentally destroyed. The wonderful results often obtained by men through sheer industry and perseverance have caused many deep-thinking persons to wonder whether genius is so great a gift as it is generally supposed to be. Too often men who are richly endowed with some special talent are, for lack of persistence, distanced in the race by men of more moderate ability who can plod. To the man with perseverance there is no such word as "fail." It is the tenacity of purpose and stubbornness of perseverance which win the battles of this life, no matter in what realm of action they are fought.

But these two great gifts of nature are not of necessity mutually exclusive, but may be combined in one person, and in this person we find the highest type of manhood. Indeed, the talent of persistence is one of the most serviceable talents with which a man can be endowed. Hence it happens that the men who have most moved the world have not been men of genius alone, but those in whom genius is combined with tenacity, power of will, and persistence.

What we as members of Philo need is not more talent, but the determination to use what talent we have. It lies in the power of each and every one of us to make of ourselves what we will. Would you be a leader in the pulpit, in politics, or at the bar? Use, then, the talent which nature has given to you with patience and persistence, knowing that "All things come to him who waits."



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THE OLD STONE ACADEMY.
1830—1864

EDITORS' REVIEW.

The term just ending may well be regarded as marking an era in the history of our old and time-honored school. The personal effort of Miss Carter toward the replacement of the antiquated Commons with neat and tasty new buildings culminated in a town meeting, where seven thousand dollars were secured to build the "Andover Cottage." Two additional cottages have been given by alumni of the school, and from it all has grown a movement for the much needed re-endowment of the Academy. Ground has already been broken for the completion of the chemical laboratory building, which will give some relief to the need of more recitation rooms. The students have evinced a hearty interest in all these movements, and proved their enthusiasm and loyalty to "Old Phillips" by a personal gift of over sixteen hundred dollars toward a new gymasium. In athletics, also, a notable step has been made in the completion of an excellent running track, which was handsomely initiated by winning the first tournament with Exeter on the new grounds.

It is generally believed that the spring term is the most difficult part of the year in which to keep up Philo, and owing to the many outside attractions the attendance will diminish; nevertheless, the past term has witnessed some of the most spirited debates that have taken place for a long time. Much credit is due to President Neale for the able manner in which he has conducted the meetings, and for his personal interest in the welfare of the society. The suggestion in one of the Mirror addresses given before the society during the term may not be out of place. It was proposed that the society vary now and then the order of exercises, thus breaking the monotony which is apt to arise from too frequent repetition of the old form. We hope that not only the old members, but also many new ones may keep alive to the opportunities which the venerable society offers.

WE present, as frontispiece, pictures of all the Principals who have had charge of the Academy, from its founding in 1778 to Dr. Bancroft, now completing his eighteenth year of continuous labor here. The date of the principalship of each is indicated on the frontispiece, and we add here the college of each, as follows: Eliphalet Pearson, LL.D., Harvard 1773; Ebenezer Pemberton, LL.D., Princeton 1765; Mark Newman, M.A., Dartmouth 1793; John Adams, LL.D., Yale 1795; Osgood Johnson, M.A., Dartmouth '28; Samuel H. Taylor, LL.D., Dartmouth '32; Frederick W. Tilton, M.A., Harvard '62; Cecil F. P. Bancroft, Ph.D., Dartmouth '60.

We present also a picture of the old stone Academy, built in 1832 and destroyed by fire Dec. 21, 1864. It was the fourth building used by the school, and was attended by the fathers of a number of students now in the Academy.

IT is with great pleasure that we mention the success of the Phillipian during the past term. Under the direction of Mr. McLaren, Editor-in-Chief, and Mr. Atha, Business Manager, the paper has not only maintained its standard, but has been more interesting than usual, owing to the variety of the news contained in its columns. This spring has been a term especially abounding in good news, and the Phillipian has shown itself worthy of the privilege to report it. Twice there has been occasion to publish creditable extras, and it is our sincere hope that by the time this shall have reached our readers still a third extra may be in their hands. Although there is still opportunity for improvement in minor matters, such as the necessity of correcting Phillipiana in an ensuing issue, yet the record of the Phillipian during the past term reflects credit upon its editors.

THE work of Inquiry and Y. M. C. A. has been much as usual this term, with the addition of a Saturday evening Bible-class conducted by members of the Association. In considering the work of the term and the entire school year, it cannot but be felt to have fallen short of what was hoped for last fall. The plan of merging Y. M. C. A. into Inquiry, with a revised constitution, although earnestly desired by the Christian workers of the school, has yet hung undecided throughout the entire year, and has doubtless hindered the progress of the best work. As it is evident to all that the best results are to be achieved through one united society, let us hope and work that this may be effected soon, as it has been so successfully done in the larger schools and colleges of the country.

WE sincerely thank Prof. McCurdy, Mr. Gile, and Mr. Terrill, our judges, for the kind interest which they have taken in our work. The competition for the prize story has been unusually large, and the judges consider that we are very fortunate in our stories. In reference to poems, we have the following note from the judges :

"For some time past it has seemed to the Commiitees of Award that the prizes should be given more strictly for articles of positive merit. It has seemed that this method of award would tend to the improvement of the competition as a whole. In the hope that this result will be realized in future competitions, your Committee respectfully suggest that the first prize for *poem* be withheld this year.

MATTHEW S. MCCURDY,
M. CLEMENT GILE,
WILLIAM H. TERRILL.

We can but agree with the judges in this matter; and we feel that the lack of a first prize poem is entirely made up by the School Songs, written by J. O. Moré, to whom the prize offered during the term for the best School Song has been awarded.

The first prize for stories was secured by W. T. B. Williams, '93, for "A Fair Successor"; the second, by S. E. Greene, '92, for "An Egyptian Legend"; the third, by G. G. Bartlett, '91, for "Otsayantha — A Legend." The poem entitled "Solitude," by J. J. W. Lewis, '94, received the second prize. The first prize for cuts was given to G. G. Hedges, '92, for his "Organ Grinder," to be used as the Grinds heading. The cut for the Mandolin Club heading, by A. H. Grant, '92, secured the second place; and S. P. White, '91, received the third for "Rollo and his Father." The best collection of Grinds was handed in by E. J. Woodman, '92. We have also to thank G. H. Nettleton, G. G. Greene, F. W. Howard, S. M. Allen, and A. C. Mack for their contributions.

The Means Prize Speaking is always one of the pleasantest events of the spring term. This year the essays were particularly good. It is pleasing to notice that an increasing interest is being taken in this line of literary work. The committee of award, which consisted of Rev. George E. Street, Prof. George N. Cross, and Mr. F. H. Page, bestowed the first, second, and third prizes, respectively, upon S. P. White, '91, J. O. Moré, '92, and G. H. McClellan, '94. We are pleased to be able to publish the prize essays.

On Friday evening, June 12, occurred the twenty-fifth annual competition for the Draper prizes. As usual, the exercises were held in the Chapel Hall, and were well attended. The audience was treated to a splendid exhibition of oratory. The first prize was awarded to W. T. B. Williams, who spoke "Touissaint L'Ouverture"; the second to A. T. Robinson for his skilful rendering of a scene from "The Merchant of Venice"; the third prize was won by W. H. Wadhams, who delivered "The Slave's Way to Freedom." The judges were Prof. Lounsbury of Yale, Mr. J. Willard Brown of Cambridge, and Prof. George R. Carpenter of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

We students of the Academy have been enabled to see some extremely interesting ball games this spring. Our team has been one that we all may well be proud of. Although at times the work of the nine has been such as to inspire a little doubt in our minds, yet they have never lost our confidence, and on the whole have played very good ball. Captain Rustin employed excellent judgment in the selection of players, and he has managed his team with skill and ability. To him and to the players the school owes its thanks for the many exciting and skilfully played games which it has had the opportunity to witness. It is also indebted to the managing committee for the time and trouble they have spent in securing so many first-class teams for our nine to play against. The members of the school have been liberal in their support of the ball club, and we know their generosity is appreciated by the management.

Through the diligent efforts and almost invaluable assistance of Mr. Pettee, we were this year enabled to hold our annual Field Day on a new and well-built running-track. The games were anticipated with a great deal of interest, and a large audience was on hand to witness them. The tournament was a decided success, and even a surprise to many. Five records were broken by our sturdy athletes.

The events and their winners were as follows. New records are in italics:

100-Yards Dash, 10½ sec., Woodruff, '92.
Throwing Base Ball, 320 ft. 2 in., Sheffield, '92.
Quarter-Mile Run, 55⅗ sec., *Lapham*, '93.
Throwing Hammer, 69 ft., Perkins, '92.

Putting Shot, 31 ft. 1 in., Perkins, '92.
Half-Mile Race, 2 min. 15⅖ sec., *Davis*, '92.
120-Yards Hurdle (3½ ft.), 19⅖ sec., Woodruff, '92.
Running High Jump, 5 ft. 7½ in., *Sheldon*, '92.
Mile Run, 5 min. 21 sec., Holbrook, '91.
Bicycle Race, 3 min. 17⅗ sec., *Armstrong*, '93.
Three-Mile Run, 18 min. 14⅕ sec., *Osborne*, '91.
Running Broad Jump, 18 ft. 4¾ in., Sheldon, '92.
Standing Broad Jump, 9 ft. 6¼ in., Woodruff, '92.

JUDGES.

Mr. Pettee, Mr. Stone, Mr. Stover.

THE Second Annual Tournament with Exeter was looked forward to with many forebodings. Among the majority of the fellows it was the opinion that Exeter would win; but to those who watched the careful training of the team by Mr. Pettee it was evident that we should stand a very good chance of victory. The results showed that the highest hopes were none to sanguine. The tournament was full of interest and excitement, as is shown by the close score of 46 to 44. Out of the ten events we won six firsts, three seconds, and seven thirds.

We took first place in the following events: 100-Yards Dash, 11 sec., Woodruff; Half-Mile Run, 2 min. 9 sec. (breaking school record by 6⅖ sec.), Davis; Running High Jump, 5 ft. 5¾ in., Sheldon; 220-Yards Dash, 24⅖ sec. (breaking school record by ⅗ sec.), Woodruff; Pole Vault, 8 ft. ½ in., Sheldon; Quarter-Mile Run, 56⅕ sec., Lapham.

The judges in this tournament were Messrs. J. G. Lathrop, G. S. Mandell, and W. L. Phelps.

Shortly after the Exeter Tournament, the Inter-scholastic Games occurred, at Holmes Field, Cambridge. Considering that this is Andover's first year in the association, she showed up well. Sheldon won first place in the High Jump, and Woodruff made two new records for P.A. He ran the 220-Yards Dash in 24 seconds, and the 120-Yards Hurdle Race in 19 seconds.

WITH the return of summer tennis again comes to the front and absorbs the interest of many enthusiasts. In the early spring the courts were all repaired and refitted, and now they are in prime condition. We are still in need of more courts, but when those now in private use are turned over to the Association, and the projected ones are built on the upper campus, there will be enough to fill the desire of all for more opportunity to play. The annual spring tournament occurred this week, but we are sorry that it was too late for us to publish an account of it. What the Tennis Association most needs to carry on its successful management of tennis in the school is for all the fellows to become members, and thereby aid in the work and expense. The Association has to rely largely on initiation fees for its financial support.

A GIFT which deserves much more than a mere mention has been made to the Academy in the clock which now adorns Chapel Hall. The donor is Mr. E. B. Convers, P.A. '57, now an attorney in New York City, who also presented to the school the portrait of Hon. W. E. Gladstone. The clock, which has been hung against the wall at the left of the platform, is one of Howard's best, made of polished white marble, with the letters in Arabic figures, on the dial, of dull bronze. Across the lower part of the face is the motto, "Pereunt et imputantur." The motto was first inscribed, over two hundred years ago, on the sun-dial in All Souls' College, Oxford, where its influence has been exerted over generations of English college men, as it is hoped it will be over generations of Phillips Academy men here.

ALTHOUGH the entertainments have been fewer than those of the winter term, yet we have not been without some very choice ones. Mr. Ethelbert Nevin and Miss Clarke gave the second of the Abbot Academy piano recitals, and Prof. Carl Baermann completed the course. Prof. Churchill gave a reading to the members of the Sunday School, which was one of the treats of the term. The musicale given by Prof. Downs's students at Abbot Academy was greatly enjoyed by those who were privileged to attend, and strengthened our desire that through the means of an enlarged audience room we might oftener be the guests of our sister Academy.

A FEATURE of the Spring Term not to be ignored was the Annual Exhibition of the Camera Club. It was held in the chapel, June 8, 9, and 10, and far excelled its predecessors both in the quality of the work and the number of pictures exhibited. A neat catalogue was issued, containing the subjects of nearly four hundred photos. The excellence of the work was quite unusual, and great credit is due the Club and the Committee having charge of the exhibition for making it such a successful one. The interest in photography during the past year has been lively, and the Camera Club has been in a very flourishing and prosperous condition.

ONE of the acquisitions of the term is the School Song, which should rapidly become a part of the school-life here. It embodies patriotism and devotion to "Fair Andover," and if well learned and sung by the students and alumni, will do much to spread and extend the already great reputation of our school.

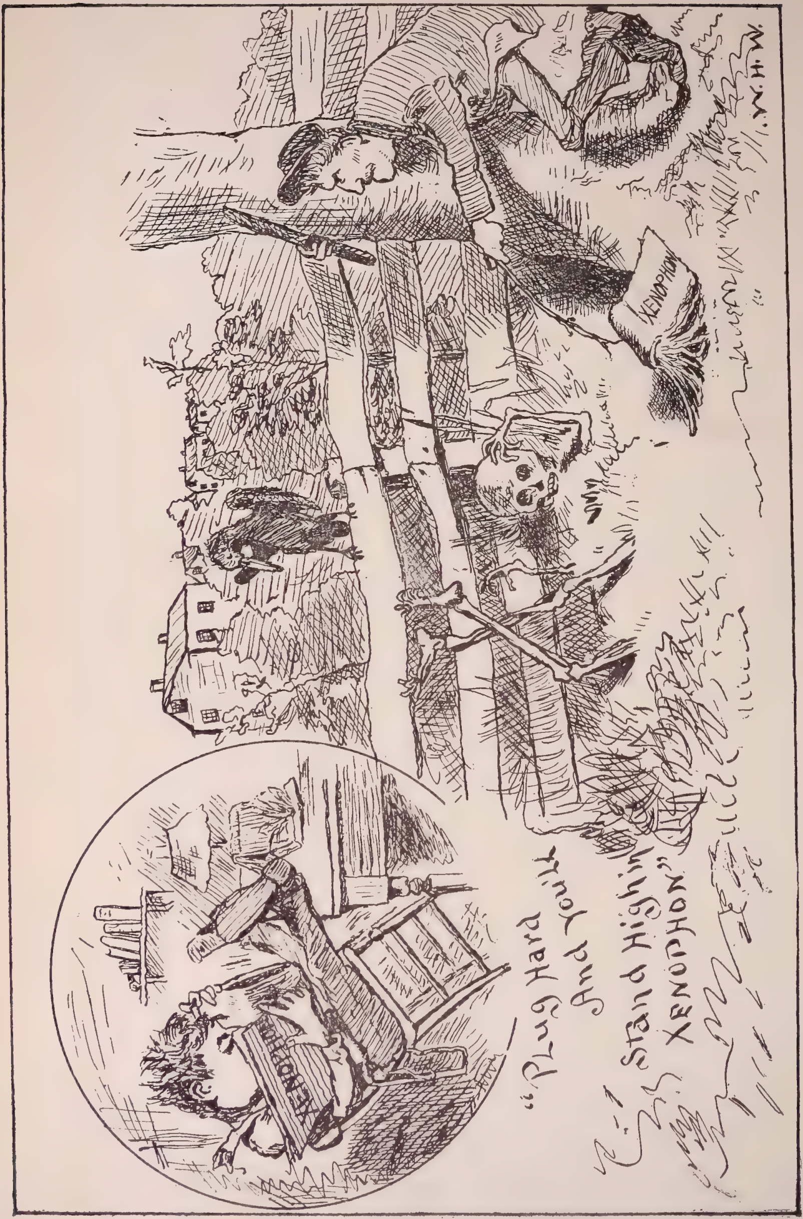
THE Natural History Society, though only six months old, has flourished to a marked degree. One of the features of this term's work has been the making out of a programme, each part being filled voluntarily by members. A course of six lectures on vertebrates has proved very instrnctive. The most interesting meeting of the term was that held on May 28th, in celebration of Agassiz's birthday. Prof. Stone delivered a lecture on "How Worlds are Made." The Chapter has joined the Massachusetts State Assembly, and it sent a delegate to the annual state convention.

In reviewing the past term, we cannot forget the Alumni Dinner, which took place in New York. There were present over two hundred members of Old Phillips, ranging from the class of 1816 to the present members. The dinner was a perfect success in every respect, and reflected much honor upon our dear old school.

The term is at an end. We have finished our work; we have run the race; we have encountered the advertiser and the printer; we have passed them by; and now, weary and fainting, we cross the goal. Whether we have equalled the standard of our predecessors, or have fallen behind, or have broken the record, is for you, the judges, to determine.

And now, before laying down our pen, we would thank the Society for the honor which they have conferred upon us. We have worked hard; and although our expenses have been heavier than heretofore, we hope that we have issued a number which in itself fully repays us.

* * *


"Plug Hard
And You'll
Stand High in
XENOPHON"
XENOPHON
XENOPHON
W. H. W.

XENOPHON.

Once, musing, sat a homesick "cad,"
A-smoking his tobacco bad,
And vainly wishing that he had
No Xenophon.

His feet were on the table spread,
At least three feet above his head,
While, tilted back, he slowly read
His Xenophon.

He "plugged" until his head did ache,
Until he could not keep awake,
Then, rising, said, "The devil take
This Xenophon."

"I plug with all my might and main,
I fuss and 'flunk,' and try again
To work a passage out, in vain!
Dash Xenophon!

"And when the turn to read is mine,
I never have shown any sign
Of saying, 'Eddy, I've a line'
In Xenophon!"

He closed his lips ; he said no more ;
He opened wide his chamber door,
Then fiercely cast upon the floor
His Xenophon.

His room-mate said, " Why art thou thus?
Why dost thou stamp and storm and cuss,
And keep up such a fearful fuss
'Bout Xenophon ? "

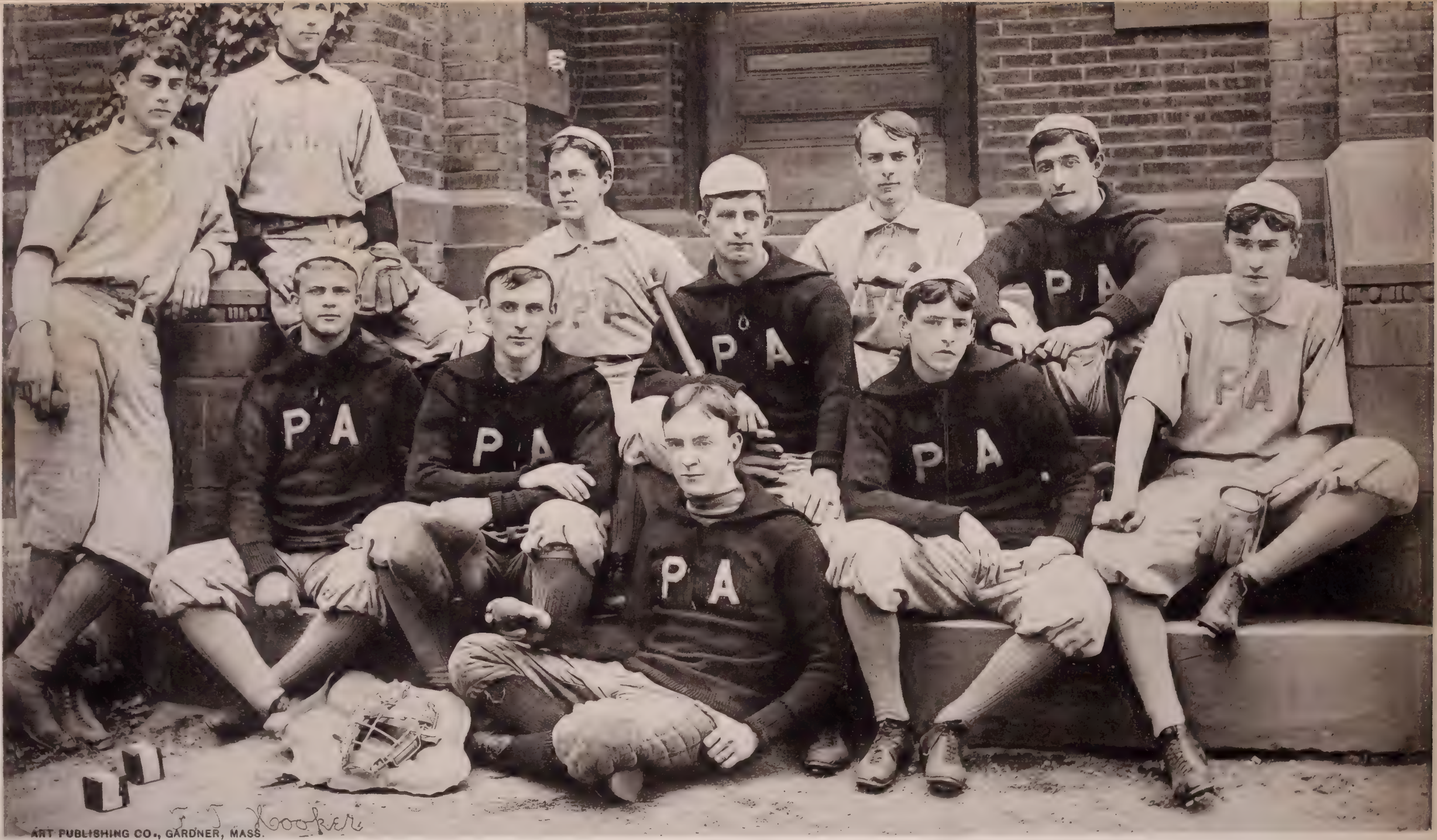
A tear stood in his dark blue eye ;
He turned to bid his chum good-bye,
And said, " Plug hard, and you'll stand high
In Xenophon.

" For me, I'm going to a spot
Where this infernal Greek is not,
A place where it is e'en too hot
For Xenophon."

He seized his book, and hurried out.
His room-mate said, " Beyond a doubt,
He's gone stark, staring mad about
That Xenophon."

Years hence, the janitor, prowling round,
Saw, almost buried in the ground,
A skeleton, and near it found
A Xenophon.

The doctor said 'twas heart disease,
And you may call it what you please,
But I, who have my own ideas,
Say Xenophon.


ART PUBLISHING CO., GARDNER, MASS.
F. T. Hooker

Turner. Ketchum. Dwight. Rostin. Hinkey. Jennings.
Millard. Murphy. Colt. Sheffield. Crawford.

Base Ball Scores, 1891.

April 1.	Phillips, 7 ;	Lawrence Stars, 4.
2.	Washingtons, 9 ;	Phillips, 8.
8.	Haverhill, 5 ;	Phillips, 3.
11.	Boston College, 10 ;	Phillips, 3.
15.	Phillips, 10 ;	Tufts, 5.
18.	Newburyports, 7 ;	Phillips, 6.
22.	Phillips, 5 ;	Tech. '93, 1.
25.	Phillips, 10 ;	Dean Academy, 8.
30.	Amherst, 8 ;	Phillips 1.
May 3.	Lawrence Stars, 3 ;	Phillips, 2.
6.	Tufts, 18 ;	Phillips, 10.
9.	Phillips, 11 ;	Methuens, 3.
13.	Boston Blues, 7 ;	Phillips, 6.
15.	Phillips, 11 ;	Williams '94, 3.
20.	Phillips, 9 ;	Haverhills, 0.
23.	Phillips, 12 ;	Methuens, 8.
25.	Phillips, 8 ;	Lawrence Stars, 2.
27.	Phillips, 7 ;	J. F. Morrills, 2.
30.	Stonehams, 6 ;	Phillips, 2.
June 3.	Boston Athletics, 3 ;	Phillips, 2.
6.	Phillips, 7 ;	Yale '94, 2.
13.	ANDOVER, 7 ;	EXETER, 1.

A Glorious Victory.

P. A. A. 7. P. E. A. 1.

"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"

The annual base-ball game with Exeter, occurred on Saturday, the 13th of June, and the day proved an unlucky one for our rival. But 't was not luck that won us the game, for a stronger team of ball players never honored the school than that which so bravely fought against the nine that Exeter pitted against us. Every one of our men played with all his might, and with the greatest care and coolness. The team work was superb. Our men all kept their wits about them, and played, not for individual glory, but for the united success of the team. The boys in red tried in vain to rattle our battery. Heroes that they are, they preserved the utmost coolness, deliberation, skill, and foresight. Not a wild pitch was made, nor was there a single error.

The careful and systematic training of the team made itself evident in this crucial game. At the very beginning, our heroic players strode away from their opponents, and kept a magnificent lead. The blue outplayed the red at every point. As for the battery work, we cannot compare theirs with ours; in the in-field our playing was so sure and clean as to be unapproachable; in the out-field not a chance was lost nor a misplay made. At the bat Exeter could do nothing with our wily pitcher's curves, but our sure hitters found an easy solution to all the problems that the opposing twirler could propound. Seven to one! Indeed, we may boast of our ball team! May we have many more like it! Just examine this glorious score:

PHILLIPS ANDOVER.

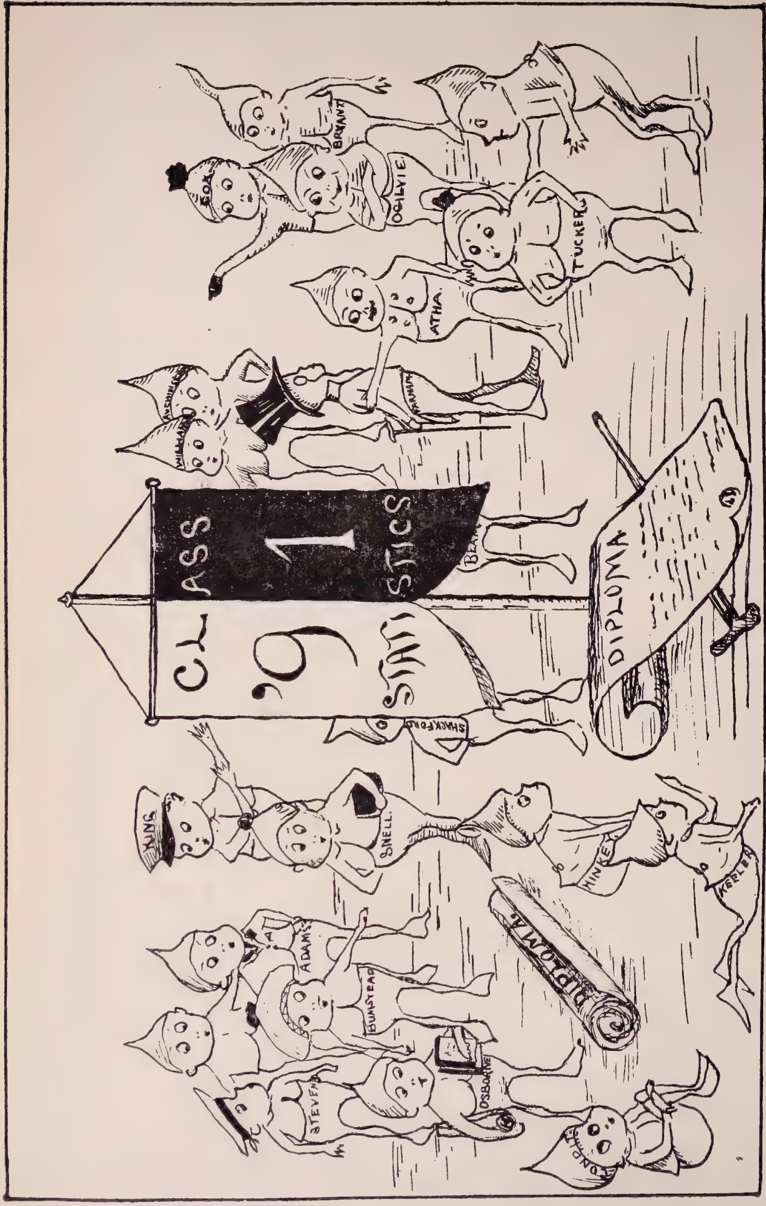
	AB	R	BH	TB	SH	PO	A	E
Rustin, ss.,	3	2	1	1	0	5	1	0
Sheffield, 3b.,	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Jennings, 2b.,	1	1	1	2	0	1	1	0
Hinkey, rf.,	4	0	1	1	1	1	0	0
Murphy, c.,	4	1	1	1	0	12	4	0
Crawford, lf.,	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Millard, cf.,	4	1	1	1	0	2	0	0
Ketchum, 1b.,	4	0	0	0	0	6	1	0
Turner, p.,	4	0	1	2	0	0	14	0
Total,	32	7	6	8	1	27	21	0

PHILLIPS EXETER.

	AB	R	BH	TB	SH	PO	A	E
Phelan, lf.,	3	0	0	0	0	2	0	0
Lighthall, 1b,	4	0	0	0	0	8	0	1
Ewing, cf.,	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Kent, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Bissell, c.,	3	0	2	2	0	10	2	1
Brown, ss.,	3	0	0	0	0	1	5	1
Chamberlain, rf.,	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	1
Farrell, 2b.,	3	0	1	1	0	2	4	1
Howe, p.,	3	0	0	0	0	1	9	0
Total,	27	1	3	3	0	24	21	6

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Phillips Andover,	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	4	x—7
Phillips Exeter,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1

Two Base Hit; Turner, Jennings. Double Plays; Jennings, Rustin, Ketchum; Brown, Farrell, Lighthall. Wild pitches; Howe, 2. First base on Balls; by Turner (3), by Howe (3). Stolen bases; Rustin (5), Sheffield, Jennings (3), Murphy (2), Millard, Ewing, Bissell. Passed balls; Murphy, Bissell, (2). Hit by pitched ball; Jennings. Struck out; by Turner, 14, by Howe, 9. Umpires, Dean of Harvard, Ayer of Boston. Time of game, 2 hours. Scorer, Yardley.


KING
STEVENS
ADAMS
BUMSTEAD
SNELL
OSBORNE
DIPLOMA
HINKE
KEELER
SHACKFORD
CLASS '91 STATISTICS
BEA
DIPLOMA
WILLIAMS
AUCHINCLOSS
FARNAM
ATHA.
FOX
BRYANT
OGILVIE.
TUCKER

Senior Class Statistics.

In comparing the statistics of the class of '91 with those of last year's graduating class, the average age will be found to be one year less, the average height $\frac{7}{12}$ in. less, and the average weight 10 lbs. more.

Average age, 19 years, 12 days; average weight, 157 lbs.; average height, 5 ft. 7$\frac{2}{3}$ in.
Tallest man, 6 ft. 1$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Shortest man, 5 ft. 4 in.
Heavy weight, 195 lbs.
Light weight, 115 lbs.

In regard to politics, there are 24 Republicans, 7 Democrats, 1 Prohibitionist, 10 Mugwumps, and 3 Woman's Rights.

The intended occupations are as follows: Business Men, 4; Ministers, 5; Lawyers, 2; Doctors, 2; Teachers, 1; Manufacturers, 3; Electrical Engineer, 1; Dentist, 1; Pedagogue, 1; Banker, 1; Thread Merchant, 1; Chemist, 1; Mechanical Engineer, 1; Schoolman, 1; Parson, 1; Machinist, 1; Lumber King, 1.

The remainder are undecided whether to "tramp it" for a living, or to become "good-natured liars," or philanthropists.

Handsomest Man,	Williams.
Homeliest Man,	Beam.
Greatest Dude,	Farnam.
Ladies' Man,	Adams.
Class Doll,	Stevens,

Class Crank,	Snell.
Class Sport,	Tucker.
Most Scientific Flirt (?)	Shackford.
Most Scientific Cribber,	Auchincloss.
Best Student,	Osborne.
Best Athlete,	Hinkey.
Most Popular Man,	King.
Best-natured Man,	Ogilvie.
Most Useful Man,	Atha.
Most Useless Man,	Bryant.
Laziest Man,	Keeler.
Most Religious Man,	Snell.
Dreamer,	Condit.
Most Bashful Man,	Shackford.
Engaged Man,	Cox.
Best Moustache,	Atha.
Best *Attempt* at a Moustache,	Bumstead.

"The mob of gentlemen who write with ease."
Means Competitors.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been."
Natural History Society.

His main point in life is "to rise to the point of order."
Parker.

There was a man named Foster,
By nature somewhat bold;
And when caught chewing quid in class,
He said 't was for a cold. *Foster, P.A.* '93.

" Time elaborately thrown away."

Cramming for Commy's Exams.

" Now and then must be right by chance."

Anderson's recitation.

" Do not saw the air with your hand too much.

The Middlers in Elocution.

" The liquid notes that close the eve of day."

The 8 o'clock bell.

" He would talk,
Lord! how he would talk!"

Moré in debate.

Sweeter than the balmy breezes
Softly wafted from the south
Are the tintinabulations
Of my automatic mouth.
How I love its giddy gurgle;
How I love its ceaseless flow;
How I love to wind my mouth up;
How I love to hear it go.

Snell, '91.

Whene'er you stick on recitation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful " ers."

Brayton.

There was a young Prep from Penn Yan,
Who thought he could throw any man;
But when he did wrestle,
He turned out a fizzle,
This fresh little youth from Penn Yan.

Ellsworth, '94.

Men's Outfittings.

FOREIGN NOVELTIES A SPECIALTY.

Corner Washington and West Sts.,

BOSTON, MASS.

A very good boy in the daytime, but an excellent runner at night.
Chivers, '91.

"If dirt were trumps, what hands we'd have!"
Shaw and Holden.

Oh, we're the missing links;
And if any one thinks
He can't trust in evolution,
We suggest to that cuss
That he just look at us,
And find there an easy solution.
The Lynch boys.

Fresher than grass, but wittier than the world.
McDonald, '94.

Our dear young friend, whose honest wit
Sets all the school ablaze,
Don't think yourself a happy dog,
For all your merry ways;
But learn to wear a sober face:
Be stupid if you can;
'T is such a very serious thing
To be a funny man. *Quarrier.*

A combination of lightning and perpetual motion.
Boutwell, '93.

"I am a mighty Senior;
And, although I may not show it,
There's very little that is known
That I don't think I know it." *Christian*, '91.

Slowly but surely mounting the pinnacle of fame.
George York Skinner.

No (cross) cuts. *Banty.*

Call me Edward: the Fem. Sems. don't like to hear me called Pap.
Eaton, P.S. '92.

Mr. McCurdy: "What do you do to amuse yourself?"
"I study, sir."
E. O. Gordon, P.S. '92.

When we see his flowing locks we think of Samson.
D. Wentz.

"Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
Oh, three merry boys are we
As ever did swing in a hempen string
Under the gallows-tree.
Gordon, Wentz, and Gosline.

"As headstrong as an alligator on the banks of the Nile."
Emery, '94 *P.S.*

"What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?"
Mack, '94.

Mr. Terrill (in the Virgil class): "What relation was Caesar to his father?"

Trask, after due deliberation: "Son."

Prof. Comstock: "What were the Phillipics?"

Pardee: "They were the Epistles that Paul wrote."

"I don't know what's the matter;
I'm in an awful funk.
For no matter how I study
I always seem to flunk."
S. M. Allen, '93.

I disclaim all connection with the Dutch nation."
"*Schwab*" *Weidmann.*

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men." *Philo.*

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child." '94.

"So he, a naturalist, observes a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum.*"
Woodman. P.A. '92.

The following are suggested for dining-room mottoes:
"Patient waiters are no losers."
"God helps those who help themselves."
"Waste not your precious moments here
In idle hope of things to come."

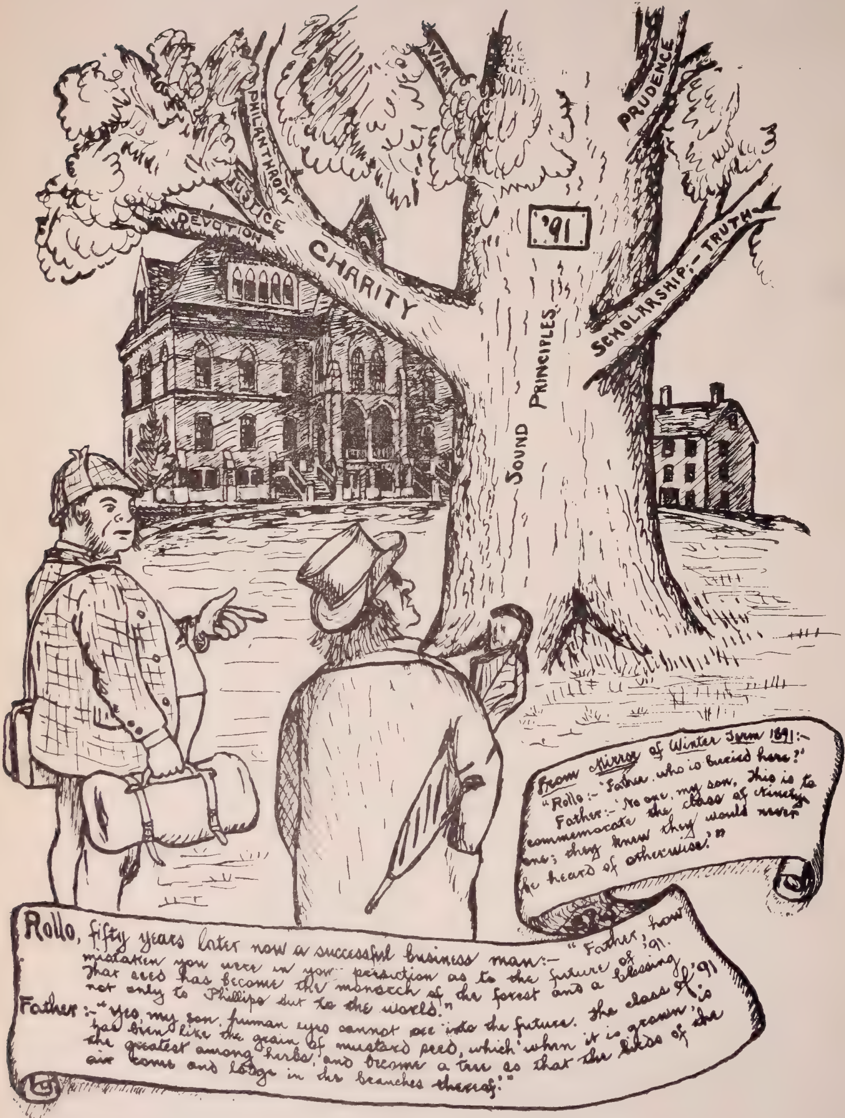
Hail friends! Well met. *Crawford and the ball.*

J. Tucker is the meekest lad
We have in all the school;
He never smokes a cigarette
Or plays a game of pool.

"Full well they laughed, in counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes; for many a joke had he."
McLanahan.

Night after night
He sat and bleared his eyes with books."
Foster, P.A. '92.

Though against the *little chap*
No one had a grudge,
The boys in English Commons
Always called him "Pudge." *Montgomery,* '94.


VIM
PHILANTHROPY
JUSTICE
DEVOTION
CHARITY
'91
PRUDENCE
SCHOLARSHIP:- TRUTH
SOUND PRINCIPLES
From Mirror of Winter Term 1891:- "Rollo:- 'Father, who is buried here?' Father:- 'No one, my son. This is to commemorate the class of Ninety one; they knew they would never be heard of otherwise.'"
Rollo, fifty years later now a successful business man:- "Father, how mistaken you were in your prediction as to the future of '91. That seed has become the monarch of the forest and a blessing not only to Phillips but to the world."
Father:- "Yes my son, human eyes cannot see into the future. The class of '91 has been like the grain of mustard seed, which when it is grown, is the greatest among herbs, and become a tree so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

Slim jims and high jeans. *Babbitt and Skinner*, '93.

The Farmers' Alliance. *Brown and Geer.*

A splendid form, a noble gait;
They call me here to watch this gate;
My step is firm; my stick is strong.
"Mucker, no fooling! move along."
Birnie, the Cop.

Mac: "What's the value of π?"
Lynch: "Fifteen cents."

With youthful smile and open brow
He stands before you all;
Whene'er you say "How do you do?"
He gives an awful bawl. *Woolsey*, '94.

Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that there is, for a lover of pelf,
Is to buy a "Prep" up at the price he is worth,
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself.

His hair is soft as eider down,
And gentle are his steps;
And surely hath he much renown
As father of the Preps. *Matthews*, '94.

With many more sleights of tongue and hand
Than we can, for the life of us, understand.
A Philo Orator.

"You were out last night," the landlady said;
"I heard you come in when I'd gone to bed.
You'll have to get marked for being out late."
"Oh, no! I was in at a quarter of eight!"
So said the boy, and his words were sincere;
For a quarter of eight equals *two*, it is clear.

Taken by surprise and reversed. *Hildreth and his wagon.*

Well begun is half done. *Rustin's Moustache.*

If we want a good record,
  On our new running track,
The race should come off
  With a Prof. at the back
    Of each fellow who enters.
To make the best time
  The hour should be late;
For the sport would be more
  If it came after eight,
    When great interest centres
      in (avoiding demerits.)

W. P. Beam very modestly requests not to be mentioned among the Grinds, as he does not wish to see his name in print. Everybody will please notice that, in accordance with his desire, he has been left out. *Editors of the Mirror.*

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."
The Fem. Sem.

"At whose sight all the stars hide their diminished heads."
N. L. Barnes.

"A wilderness of sweets." *The Fem. Sem. Woods.*

"I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing."
N. P. Coffin.

"His own estimate must be measure enough, his own praise reward enough for him." *Woodman.*

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."
Emery, '94.

"Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look;
The fields his study; nature was his book."
Whitfield.

In first house English Commons
There roomed a *little lad*
Whom all the boys called "Skinny,"
Which made him very mad. *L. W. Smith.*

"I sacredly guard my shape." *Bennett*, '93.

"No doubt wisdom will die with him." *Parker*, '93.

"Pride in their pomp, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by." *The Faculty.*

Study I do abominate; books I eschew; and Professors I fear.
Page, '93.

Should you meet him, you would think he was a "tough."
Atha.

Who did, who did, who did, who did,
Who did swallow Jo Jo Brown? *Commy.*

Two of Jersey's fairest flowers.
"*Boardie*" *Boardman and* "*Georgie*" *Howard.*

There was a verdant youth,
Who was not known to fame,
A mighty man among the "Preps";
From Catskill town he came.
A. C Mack, P. S. '94.

In my opinion a grind shows an unpleasant notoriety.
G. M. Howard, P.S. '93.

"Your gems may pass,
Though real diamonds, for ignoble glass."
"*Sloper*" *Myton*, '92.

"The stately neck is manhood's manliest part,
How light and strong it lifts the Grecian head."
Miller, '93.

"See yon tall shaft!" *Bennett*, '93.

"What secret handcuff binds that pretty pair?"
Adams and Barnes.

"Hath any man seen him at the barber's?" *Snell*, '91.

"There is nothing on earth that he will not devour."
Frederick Augustus Schwab Weidman.

"And grating sounds a listening crowd endures,
Rasped from the throats of bellowing amateurs."
Chapel Choir.

"As it were to ride, day and night." *T. Hyde*, '91.

"I hope to see London once, ere I die." *Birnie*, '92.

"A life of nods and yawns." *Condit*, '91.

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much."
Powell, '91.

"As he walked, his eyes were on the ground."
Snakesy Miller, '92.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

C. Menzies Miller.

"He who thinks his place below him will surely be below his place." *Barlow*, '94.

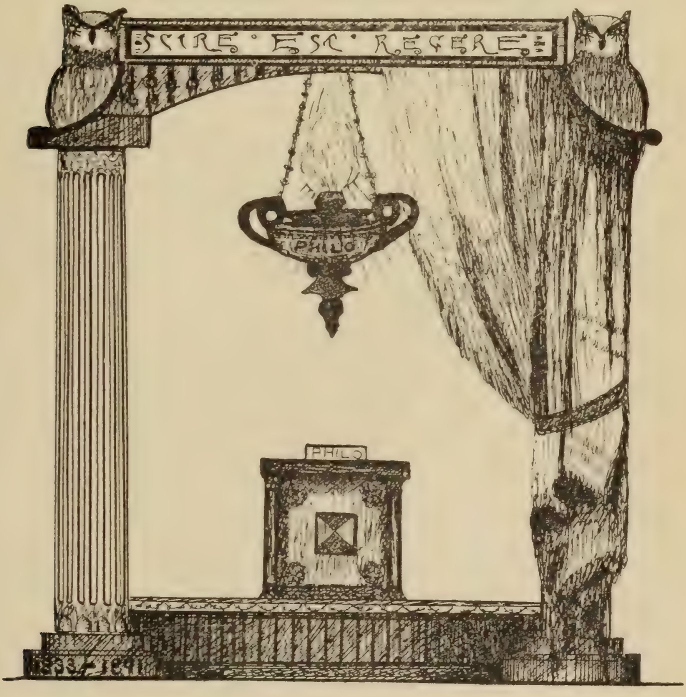
"Conceited men are but as little boys in pants." *Clary.*

"Present in body, but absent in spirit." *The Philo Attendant.*

The Shadow of the Campus.

SCIRE EST REGERE VIRE
PHILO
MR. PRESIDENT, I RISE
TO A POINT OF ORDER.

The Phillips Pot-Pourri



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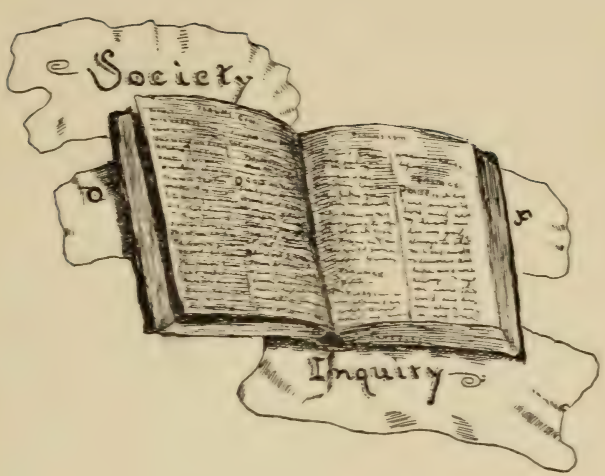

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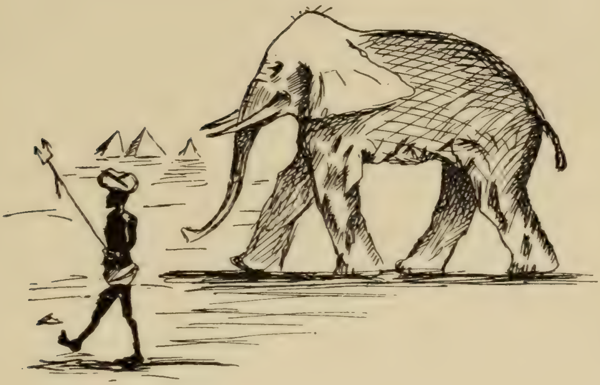

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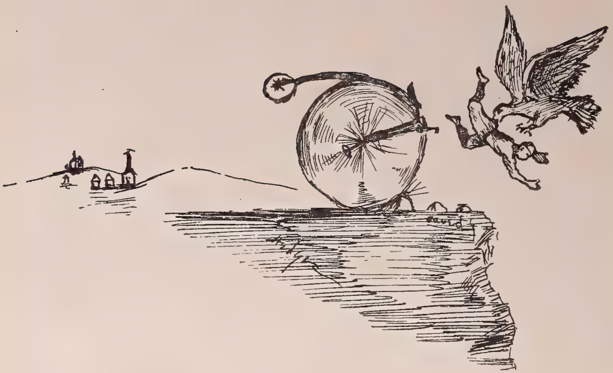

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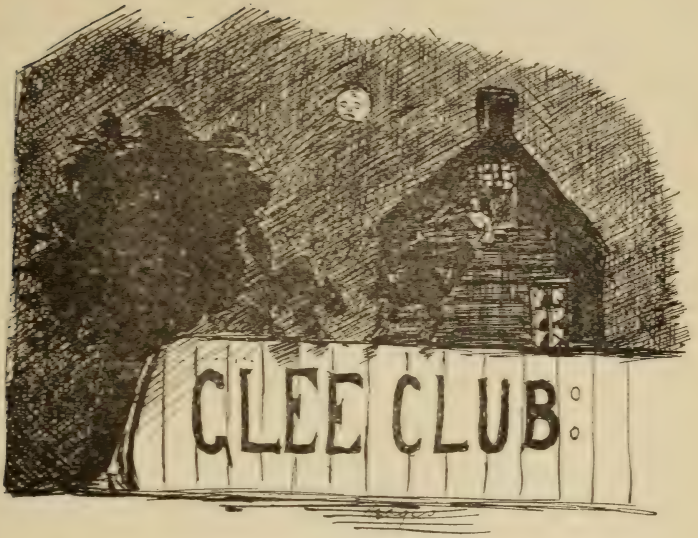

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Brick House Nine.

Manager, "Xerxes" Hyde.

Captain, "Candy" Wilder.

Wilder, c.,
"Sport" Allen, p.,
"Mose" Terrill, 1st b.,
"Deacon" Warren, 2d b.,
"Geoddie" Howard, 3d b.,
"Sloper" Myton, s.s.,
"Snakesy" Miller, r.f.,
"Big-head" Christian, c.f.,
"Schweitzer" Weidman, l.f.,

"Menzy" Miller employs his neck extension in pulling down high flies,

"Prep." Beard acts as Mascot, General Supe, Water-carrier, etc. He also breaks in the gum for the players.

Carpenter House Nine.

CAPTAIN.	MANAGER.
“ Baby ” Auchincloss.	“ H. Grand Stand ” Strong.

“ Rough-on-Rats ” Wilkinson. 1st b.,
“ Hairy ” Farnam, p.,
“ Frowsy ” Boardman, 2d b.,
“E. Sassy ” Auchincloss, c.,
“ W. Long-Shanks ” Brayton, s.s.
“ Horribly Green Strong,” c.f.
“ A Galoshes ” Galusha, l.f.
“ Dreadfully Languid ” Vaill, r.f.
“ Ever Laughing ” Clark, 3d b.
“ Tripper ” King acts as Mascot, and carries bats and water.

Blunt House Nine.

MANAGER.
T. W. Hyde.
TREASURER.
L. M. Keeler.
CAPTAIN.
Wood.

“ Stonewall ” Cowan, c.,
Jay Secor, p.,
“ 100-yd. Dash ” Quarrier, 1st.
“ Kicker ” Wood, 2d,
“ Hedger ” Mackey, 3d,,
Sec. Johnson, s.s.,
Dick Haldeman, l.f.,
“ Ike ” Worrall, c.f.,
“ Celebrating ” Conant, r.f.

Sub., Willie Goodalla.
Mascot, G. Luscious Fisher.
Trainer, G. S. Sheffield.
Scorer, Keeler, '91 (?)

Morton Street Nine.

MANAGER.
Weyerhaeuser.

CAPTAIN.
Lang.

Lang, c.,
Sanford, p.,
Wormelsdorf, 2d b.,
Pardee, s.s.,
Blakslee, c.f.,
Babbitt, p.,
Townsend, 1st b.,
Weyerhaeuser, 3rd b.,
Spaulding, l.f.,
Cox, r.f.

Abbot Street Nine.

MANAGER.
E. S. Eaton.

CAPTAIN.
J. J. Brown.

Brown, p.,
Page, c.,
Taylor, 1st b.,
Lee, 2d b.,
Yeamans, 3d b.,
Gosline, s.s.,
J. Wentz, r.f.,
Davis, l.f.,
D. Wentz, c.f.

Sub. Catcher, Gordon.
Subs., Gilmour, Barnes.

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S. B. Darling,
H. Ely,
L. G. Fisher,
A. Goodall,
T. W. Hyde,
R. C. Haldeman,
L. A. Johnson,
L. M. Keeler,
A. I. Lewis,
I. Morris,
C. F. Mackey,
G. X. McLanahan,
J. B. McGeorge,
F. D. McMillan,
A. B. Quarrier,
J. K. Secor,
G. Sheffield,
M. E. Stone,
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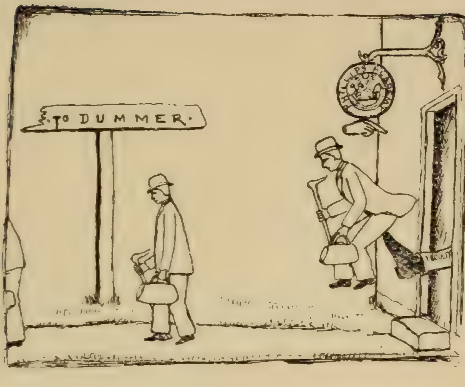

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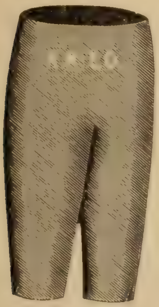

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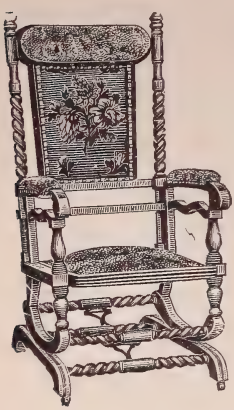

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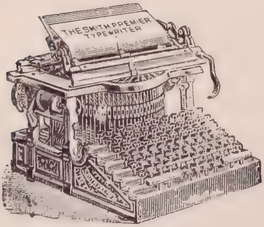

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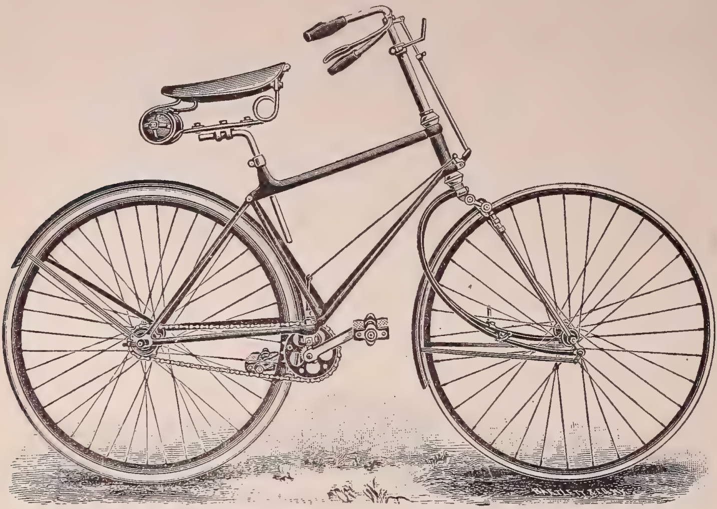

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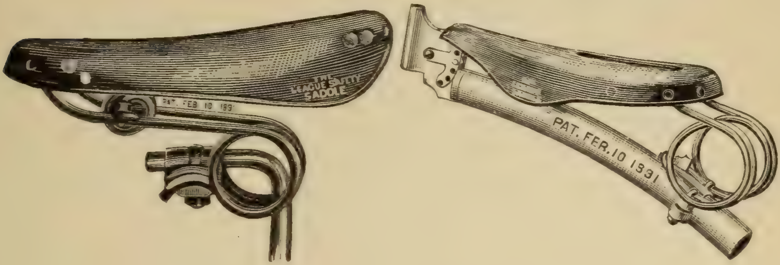

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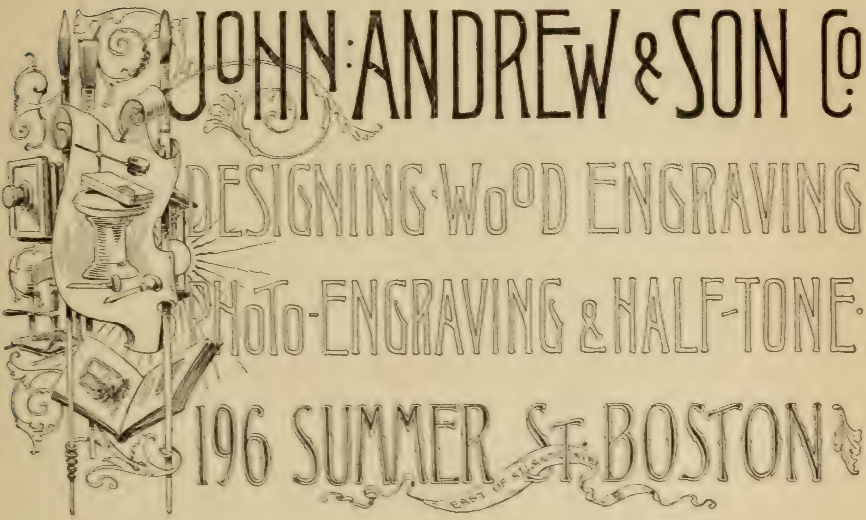

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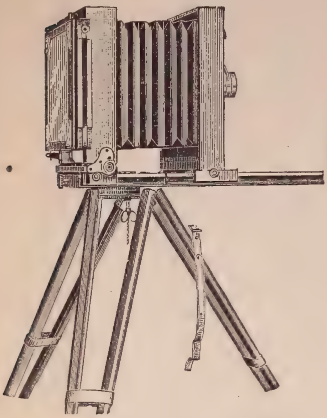

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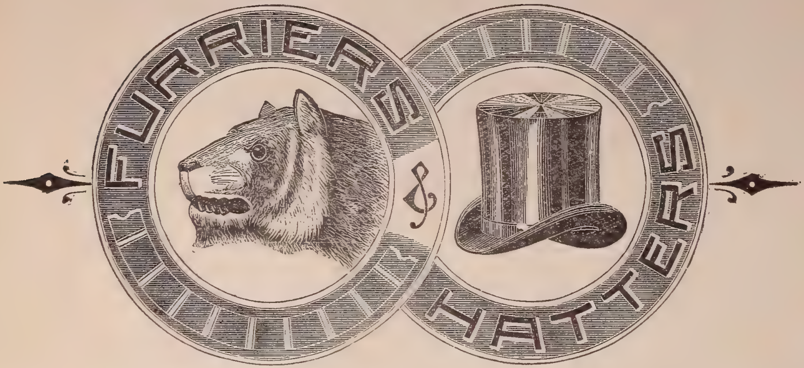

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